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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS

FROM MAY 19, 1732, TO OCTOBER 23, 1736.

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SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, May 19, 1732.

TO-MORROW we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them mostly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length, than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two more, which I wish to write

upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about the downs a-horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is £8. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near £6 on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50s. Everything is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South-Sea scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of Lord Drumlanrig,* who was taken ill of the small-pox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind,) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always

* The Duke of Queensberry's eldest son.

remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen Dean Berkeley, but have read his book,* and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about anything he has published.† I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings; and I should have advised him as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

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* Alciphron; or, The Minute Philosopher. Printed at London, in 1732, in two vols. 8vo.—B.

† He published in London, in the year 1732, "Revelation examined with Candour," &c., 2 vols. 8vo.—B.

TO THE REV. DR. HENRY JENNY,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ARMAGH.*

Dublin, June 8, 1732.

SIR,

IT is true that some weeks ago a manuscript paper of verses was handed about this town, and afterwards printed. The subject was, my great ingratitude and breach of hospitality in publishing a copy of verses called HAMILTON'S BAWN. The writer hath likewise taken severe notice of some other verses published many years ago by the indiscretion of a friend, to whom they were sent in a letter. It was called a Journal, and writ at Mr. Rochfort's; and the consequences drawn from both by this late writer is, that the better I am used in any family the more I abuse them; with other reflections that must follow from such a principle. I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean, if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot

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* Rector of Armagh, and introduced into Swift's poem on Hamilton's Bawn.

remember that among at least two thousand papers, full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I never saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of; for which I can assign a very natural reason; that during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings. As to Ireland, where I lived very little before the Queen's death, and ever since in perfect retirement, I remember to have published nothing but what is called the Drapier's Letters, and some few other trifles relating to the affairs of this miserable and ruined kingdom. What other things fell from me, (chiefly in verse,) were only amusements in hours of sickness or leisure, or in private families, to divert ourselves and some neighbours, but were never intended for public view, which is plain from the subjects and the careless way of handling them; neither indeed can it answer the true ends of vanity, or desire of praise, to let the world see such little sallies of fancy or humour, because if they be ill or indifferently performed, (which must often be the case,) the loss of reputation is certain; and however well executed, after a week's vogue, they are utterly forgot. I know not how I come to be led so far from the subject of your letter. I confess there were some few persons who made random conjectures that you might possibly be concerned in the paper you hint at, but they were such who knew very little of you or me; for others who were better acquainted with us both have always cleared you, because they did not look upon that paper any way equal to your known good sense and candour, or talent of writing. And as to myself, I had further conviction, because I knew how well

you were acquainted with the whole history and occasion of writing those verses on the Barrack; how well pleased the master and lady of the family were with it; that you had read it more than once; that it was no secret to any neighbour, nor any reserve but that against giving a copy. You know well by what incidents that reserve was broken, by granting a copy to a great person, and from thence how it fell into other hands, and so came, (as is the constant case,) to be published, and is now forgot. I confess my own conjectures about this late libel against me lay towards another gentleman, who, I am informed, hath since cleared himself, I mean Dr. Tisdall; but that suspicion was first taught me by others: and yet I know very well that for at least fifteen years past, he hath been often engaged in a kind of flirting war of satiric burlesque verse with certain wags both in town and country, who, it seems, were provoked with his faculty of jibing, and used to answer him in his own way. Yet I have been assured that in these combats, he was generally mistaken in his adversaries, falling foul upon many persons who never dipt a pen either for or against him: and I think you, among others, had some marks of his favour. But, as to me, who, I solemnly profess, was always entirely innocent, during the whole time that his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well as before and since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him, was laid at my door, and only by himself: with a further declaration, much to my honour, that he knew my style, would trouble himself to inquire no further; and, using my sirname, said, I was his man. Some of his performances I have seen, and have heard of more, besides the great number he kept *in petto;* so that five or six gentlemen have often and very lately assured me,

that in one evening-sitting, he has produced a dozen of his libels wholly against me; desiring I might be told of it, and assuring those gentlemen that the whole dozen should be published, if I would not let him alone. This was a little hard upon me, who had never one single moment in my life the least inclination to enter the lists with him, at those or any other weapons whatsoever, any more than I would venture to sit four hours disputing with him any point of controversy. I confess this keenness of the doctor in determining, whenever he was attacked, to fix on me for his adversary, inclined me to conceive that he might have probably writ this last paper, and other people had the same thought; but I hear he hath utterly denied it; and I believe him: for I am confident he is an honest man, but unhappily misled, through the whole course of his life, by mistaking his talent, which he hath, against nature, applied to wit and raillery, and rhyming: besides which, his incurable absence of mind on all occasions, and in all companies, hath led him into ten thousand errors, especially of that kind, which are mortal to all agreeable or improving conversation, and which hath put him upon such a foot with every friend, that I heartily lament the situation he is in.

I entreat your pardon for the length and insignificancy of this letter, but my solitary way of life is apt to make me talkative upon paper. I desire you would believe, first, that I have so frequently been libelled, that my curiosity to know the authors is quite extinct, though that of some friends is not; secondly, that I am not hasty in judging of men's style, or matter, or malice. I can venture to say, that a thing is not written by such a person, because it is much below his good sense; and to look among the herd of dunces is endless. As to yourself, I hope you will be my witness that I have always

treated you with particular distinction; and if we differ in opinions relating to public proceedings, it is for very good reasons: you are an expectant from the world and from power; I have long done with both: having been an original offender against all principles set up since the death of the queen, I could not think it worth my while to quit my old ones, and must have done it with an ill grace, though honour and conscience had been out of the question. Whoever really believes that things are well, is many ways happy; he is pleased with the world, (as I was formerly,) and the world with him; his merit is allowed, and favour will certainly follow; which I heartily wish you, only desiring, that in what appears to my eyes a very dirty road, you would pick out the cleanest stages you can; and believe me to be, with much esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

—o—

FROM LADY CATHERINE JONES.

June 15, 1732.

The return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningsby with; for I being but one part of the family, cannot act farther than they will consent,

which is, that they will settle twenty shillings per year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.*

I need not inform Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and though I have the honour to be allied to my Lord Burlington, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me is, as if I was a separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to it.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy, in any way, to have the pleasure of seeing Dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage to reap.

Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. French † is just, and his due.

—o—

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves, a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I

* For the purpose of keeping in repair the monument of her grandfather, Archbishop Jones.

† Humphrey French, lord-mayor of Dublin.

am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor anything so difficult to succeed in; which, however, you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged; and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and Corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: but pray, take some new scheme, quite different from anything you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings; but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I

generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health—and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess—and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court hopes and court fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation: neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention! What a vexatious life should I lead among you! If the duchess be a *rêveuse*, I will never go to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I MENTIONED something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend, my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr.

Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Madam, your grace's most obedient,

and most humble, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world, (according to the French phrase,) will soon procure me an opportunity of con-

veying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew anything of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers; it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state; or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum.**

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergyman, one Mr. Talbot, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield,† which the late Bishop of Durham held before, and, for ought I know, after he was Bishop of Oxford.‡ The living is worth four hundred pounds *per annum*, over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance

---

* Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.—B.

† A rectory in Berkshire.—B.

‡ It is honourable to Bolingbroke, that of all the Dean's great and powerful friends, he appeared, while in office, most anxious to fix his fortune; and now, when deprived of power, seems to have been equally assiduous in discovering means of settling him in England. But the exchange proposed in this letter was too unfavourable for Swift to be carried into effect.

of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my Lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in anything, and in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanery is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these, I believe, must be, to prepare Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the Archbishop of Dublin. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him and our ministers (if it be made to them) is this: that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an English county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish

bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter Pope has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelation. To be serious; come anyhow, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about Berkeley's * or Delany's † book. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics; by showing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no, not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable, better than it has been some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses

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* "Alciphron; or The Minute Philosopher."—B.

† "Revelation examined with Candour."—B.

shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I cannot afford, Mr. Dean; for I am grown saving, thanks to your sermon about frugality.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. Floyd came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long, long miles off,) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels: and indeed what he has given her has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions

of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect I should have followed your order, and rid, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The Duke and Duchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know, whether you remember Mrs. Crowther, and Mrs. Acourt; they and Mr. Persode are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still; and my Lady Suffolk talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister Pen's age was; but I think she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight, next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I had never been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

MR. ALDERMAN, Dublin, July 22, 1732.

THERE is a young gentleman of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard. And I cannot but wish this young gentleman (for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage) might have the

honour to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is Matthew Pilkington; he is some years under thirty, but has more wit, sense, and discretion, than any of your London parsons ten years above his age. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of prior engagements; because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favour from you. Therefore, pray let me know immediately that you have complied with my request before you had read half my letter. I expect your answer, to my satisfaction, and the happiness of the young gentleman; and am, with great sincerity,

Your most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

P.S.—You need not be afraid of Mr. Pilkington's hanging upon you; for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the church; but he would be glad to see England, and be more known to those who will esteem him, and may raise him.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Amesbury, July 24, 1732.

As the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I

left your two South Sea bonds, and four of my own in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South Sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent. of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 per cent. to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon; for he has a house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent., were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, besides the principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended, this summer: but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done everything I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me he has heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget anything she says to me.* . . . . . For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are

* The duchess here begins.

of great use to one another; for we never flatter or contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose: particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions, If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick, except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question —whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath,) and tells him that they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine.* Many thanks for your drum——I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

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* It would appear that Swift, himself naturally hospitable until age and disease altered his temper, did not altogether admire the parsimony of Pope, who used to desert his guests soon after supper, with a habitual expression, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine," of which there was but a small modicum placed on the table.

FROM MRS. CÆSAR.*

August 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the Dean of St. Patrick's, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope says, though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So with Mr. Cæsar's and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest Dean, adieu.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

—o—

FROM LADY WORSLEY.†

August 6, 1732.

SIR,

I FLATTER myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful

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* Wife to the treasurer of the navy during Lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of Queen Anne.—H.

† Indorsed, "Lady Worsley, with a present of a writing-box japanned by herself."—N.

of being supplanted by my daughter,* that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your rememberance, while there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here, (who promised me to convey it to you,) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share (you once told me) I had in your heart. I am yet vain enough to think I deserve it better than all those flirting girls you coquet with. I will not yield (even) to *dirty Patty*, whom I was the most jealous of when you was last here. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good-breeding to put one in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the Isle of Wight,† though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you Archbishop of Canterbury, I should forget my resentments, for the sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power, as my inclination, to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending: but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till next summer; but assure yourself the Bath is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for

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* Lady Carteret.

† Where her husband, Sir Robert Worsley, possessed the estate of Appuldercombe.

me, you will shew it by taking my advice: if not, I will endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am as much as ever, the Dean's

Obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

—o—

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

MR. ALDERMAN, Dublin, August 10, 1732.

I AM very angry with my friend Doctor Delany, for not applying to you sooner, as I desired him, in favour of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, a young clergyman here, who has a great ambition to have the honour of being your chaplain in your mayoralty. I waited for the doctor's answer before I could write to you, and it came but last night.* He tells me you have been so very kind as to give him a promise upon my request; I will therefore tell my story. This gentleman was brought to me by the doctor about four years ago, and I found him so modest a young man, so good a scholar and preacher, and of so hopeful a genius, and grew still better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been seeking all opportunities to do him some real service; from no other motive in the world, but the esteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in

* Pilkington believed that Mrs. Barber and Dr. Delany returned the Dean's first letter of 22d July upon this subject, and rendered this second application necessary, which proved successful.

such a case, however contrary it may be to the present practice of the world. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some other of my friends, wherein I will assist him with my recommendations. He is no relation or dependant of mine. I am not putting you upon a job, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burden upon you, for he has some fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and has also a convenient establishment for a church in this city.

Mr. Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your command, and I wish he may go as soon as possible that he may have a few weeks to prepare him for his business, by seeing the Tower, the Monument, and Westminster Abbey, and have done staring in the streets.

I am so entirely out of the world, that I cannot promise a hope ever to requite your favour, otherwise than with hearty thanks for conferring this obligation upon me. And I shall ever remain, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea * should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pounds will buy me six hogshead of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more: for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critic; and between you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by £300 a-year, and that must be made

* Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South Sea scheme. And there was a print by Hogarth, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for the figure of Gay; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. WARTON.

out of the duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses, wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with £1600 a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

MADAM,

I WAS the most unwary creature in the world,* when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this

* One of the last and most elegant compliments which this singular lady, after having been celebrated by so many former wits and poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his Works, p. 65; which compliment turns on the peculiar circumstance of her grace's having never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.—Dr. WARTON.

condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher;" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I will say to you, (though comparisons be odious,) what I said to the queen, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by six months' conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone; even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out: between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when

we say, It is none of my bread and butter: meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question, I answer that your grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c., and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO MR. POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount,* and must signify my mind to him by another hand: it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent in this protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue without bribery; therefore, let me know what he expects, to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay at worst, many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well: I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

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* This year Lord Peterborow and Pope paid a visit from Southampton to Winchester-college, and gave prizes to the scholars for the best copy of verses that should be written on a subject proposed to them by Pope himself—The campaign of Valentia. —The prizes were sets of Pine's Horace. Hampton, the excellent translator of Polybius, at that time very young, gained one of these prizes; Mr. Whitehead another.—WARTON.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the Gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert Sutton.*

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Drapier of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace,

Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?

for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would but little avail.

Yours, &c.

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* A wealthy money-broker expelled the House of Commons for being concerned in the Charitable Corporation, which was guilty of usurious practices, under pretext of lending money to poor people on pledges.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord, [About 1732.]

I never knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your lordship; you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting everything but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for, being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your lordship.* She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual

* After his glorious successes in Spain, he was appointed ambassador-extraordinary, with full powers for adjusting all matters of state; but was hastily recalled, when he appealed to Parliament, and afterwards had the thanks of the House of Lords for "the many great and eminent services he had performed."—I suppose Swift calls him "an Admiral," because he was appointed general of the marine forces by George I., and was continued in that commission by George II.—Bowles.

method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey; else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you." It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR, London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. Delany had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that

your usual good nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common councilmen had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can. For, sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to shew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid cannot lie in the hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expense, by having a raree show (or pageant) as of old, on the lord mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking of having a large machine carried through the city, with a printing press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c.,

and a satirical poem, printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. Barber.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dear Sir, Amesbury, Aug. 28, 1732.

Mr. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, (I mean, beside the South Sea bond of a hundred, that still subsists;) but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter: but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be

as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know everything I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am growing so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskings, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with anybody since I came to Amesbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman. As Dr. Delany has taken away a fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUCHESS BEGINS.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada del Poe;* but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had liked to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore, pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk anything so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those, not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour; in this rank, Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now, do you know me? He stands over me, and

scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen: for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you.* It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

MR. GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph:—"Motte and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them some copyright, which surely he will not be so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with, than a common bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends' power, into that of mercenaries."†

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* Lady Suffolk, or perhaps Queen Caroline, while Princess of Wales.

† The following letter from Pope to Mr. Motte, of which the original is in Mr. Nichols's possession, seems to refer to the same transaction.

SIR, Aug. 16, 1732.

HAD I had y^e^ least thought you w^d^ have now desired what you before so deliberately refused, I w^d^ certainly have preferr'd you to any other bookseller. All I c^d^ now do was to speak to Mr.

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

—o—

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.

DEAR SIR, Island Bridge, Sept. 9, 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told,) that in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few

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Gilliver, as you requested, to give you the share you w[d] have in y[e] property, and to set aside my obligation and covenant with him so far, to gratify the Dean and yourself. You cannot object, I think, with any reason to the terms which he pays, and which at the first word he agreed to.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and servant,

A. POPE.

drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upward. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the Earl of Kildare, which put a full stop to farther applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to bedlam. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any

intention in this way, to see something done in their life time, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. Steven's hospital, viz., to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expense of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:—

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the outskirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space,) have it well enclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be of such a size that it may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be per-

mitted to walk at times in the galleries. This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund and occasion to require additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects ; but any ordinary capacities may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons who will say, they will make this enlargement, and so others, and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper spot,* which I think the chapter of St. Patrick let to one Lee, a bricklayer or builder. It lies back of Aungier Street east, comes out of York Street, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King Street, facing William Street ; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by Dowling and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an alms-house, made by Mrs. Mercer ; though, by the by, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from Lee's heirs ; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fail, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, do not deny me the consideration of the

* The ground here mentioned by Sir William Fownes, does not belong to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick, but to the corporation of vicars choral in that cathedral.—F.

good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c., too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. Fownes.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called Bedlam, be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any part of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, subscriptions to be taken in Dublin, and in every city and town in the kingdom ; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of Bedlam, the subscription be collected, and sent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of (Query, Mr. Thorn, steward to the Blue-coat hospital, a very proper person ?)

IV. That upon notice given by Mr. Thorn, that he has received £200, a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in Dublin, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe £5 or upwards, to have a vote at such a meeting.

VI. That Mr. Thorn, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for

one year, and be allowed only sixpence per pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the Royal Hospital.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such a manner as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. Thorn to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room: and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessaries; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for

proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c., and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

As there is a fund * * * *

DEAR SIR,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it agoing, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. Tom Thorn by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

My Lord Elect, Dublin, September 11, 1732.

I ANTICIPATE your title, because perhaps it may be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And, besides, I have a mind to be the first person who gives it to you. And, first, I heartily acknowledge your goodness in favouring a young gentleman who has well answered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have some years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way since I knew him; and power with others, you know, or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modesty, as his learning and sense, or any good quality he has. And it would be hard, after your sending us over so many worthless bishops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not suffer us to lend you, at least for one year, one sample of modesty, virtue, and good sense; and I am glad it falls to your lordship to give the first precedent. I will write to Dr. Trapp in Mr. Pilkington's favour, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although, perhaps, you will think, I may pretend to some. It is by my advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over somewhat sooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till you please to command him, which I suppose will not be till you are settled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameness

could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a spectator, and I should have forwarded to the utmost, Mr. Pope's scheme, for I never approved the omission of those shows. And I think I saw, in my youth, a lord mayor's show with all that pomp, when Sir Thomas Pilkington,* of your chaplain's name and family, made his procession.

I have advised your chaplain to send you this letter, and not present it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he shall wait on you the next morning, when he has taken a lodging for himself, till you come into your mayoralty.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the same court and the same cause, and exiles, after a sort, you a voluntary one,† and I a necessary: but you have out-thrown me many a hundred bars' length. I heartily wish the continuance of your good success, and am, with great truth,

Your most constant friend,

and most obedient humble servant.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Sir Thomas Pilkington was lord mayor in three successive years; from 1689 to 1691. There is a broadside, containing an account of the festivities upon the occasion, drawn up by no less a person than Elkanah Settle, once the rival of Dryden. Pilkington's triumph was the more complete, as he had been a sufferer for his adherence to the Whig interest, in the reigns of Charles II. and his successor.

† Barber, as appears from his correspondence in Vol. XVI., was a violent adherent of Lord Bolingbroke, and deemed it safe to retire abroad upon the accession of the Hanover line, on the same grounds, probably, which influenced his principal.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drank drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as everybody has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find Lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, "you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry;" and, indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true,) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a

fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 16, 1732.

I AM at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, everything is so precarious. I paid Mrs. Launcelot £12, and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss by paying off one of the South Sea bonds; and I find I have remaining of yours £211, 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. Hoare has done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. Hoare's hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a

little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither anybody else, or myself shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I do not expect much encouragement; though I really think, in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. Pulteney's young son has had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why cannot you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears.) It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off the stage? in every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good: but that's a wish for our

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* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.—Pope.

own sakes, not for his. Sure if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shewn, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P.S. BY DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians beside myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, your, &c.

—o—

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.*

Dublin, Dec. 14, 1732.

My Lord,

After obtaining one favour from your lordship, I am under the necessity of requesting another; which, however, I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what employments you may have in your disposal during your mayoralty; but some I presume you will have. It is therefore my request, and will be so likewise of some others among your friends, that if any employment should fall vacant, during your government, which Mr. Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your lordship would please that he may have the refusal, with as much favour as will consist with your own generous disposition, adding the friendship you are pleased to profess to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of English birth; a very upright honest man, and his wife has abundance of merit in all respects; they design to settle among you, having turned what fortune they had here into money.

And now, my lord, I heartily give you joy of governing the noblest city in the world, where I know you are desirous, and able, to do so much good, and to set a worthy pattern for the imitation of those who shall come after you. If my health, and the bad situation of my private affairs, will permit, I shall hope to have the honour of being one among your guests next summer. Mr. Pilkington

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* John Barber, Esq.

is, in his letters, perpetually full of your great favours to him, and says you will be his voucher that he still continues his modest behaviour, which I always pressed upon him as the best quality in a young man, although I never observed the least want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health, which in our city of Dublin is a difficult task for a lord-mayor to perform; and if your lordship be under the necessity of drinking as many healths in proportion on public days as are done here, you will be in great danger of ruining your own. I am, with entire friendship and true respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient and

most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of Lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the army bill. There is no danger of repealing the test. The court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatic leaders,

much against the grain of the body. It is said the Bishop of Salisbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that Lady Acheson does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good-nature. I fancy Arsalia† has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness, and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long anywhere.

—o—

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, Deanery-House, Jan. 1, 1732–3.

I SEND you your bit of a newspaper, with the verses,‡ than which I never saw better in their kind.

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* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly.

† The seat of Peter Ludlow, Esq., father to the first Earl of Ludlow.—F.

‡ Mrs. Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teazed by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise for

I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me,* as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you, I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, Madam,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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him, asked him what she should write upon: "Why," said he pertly, "what should you write upon but paper?" So taking it for her subject, she wrote the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London newspapers. See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 88.

"O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force constrain'd, I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity to please a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd!
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilied banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live."—D. S.

* Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dr. Swift had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the Earl of Orrery, and a silver standish from Dr. Delany, sent him an eagle-quill with the verses upon his birth-day. See her verses, vol. XIV. p. 280.

FROM MR. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT.*

Rouen, Jan. 2, 1732–3.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to Spa, or to some such place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die, without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health and prosperity, and everything that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. De la Mar. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland; and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear sir, if I can serve you in anything, command me always, for I am, with great esteem,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

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* The brother of Dr. Arbuthnot, and, in the opinion of Pope, even a more extraordinary person. He is described as so warm a philanthropist, and possessed of such powers of persuasion, that he could even make an enemy serve a friend. See a letter from Pope to Lord Digby, dated 1st September, 1722. He married a widow lady of fortune in Suffolk.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, January 8, 1732–3.

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, "That I was informed she loved to see old persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was

informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, "That if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention; and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn; for, he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, "That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself;" it seems for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend; but Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me "The medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring, I came again to England; was received the same way; and as I

had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England, (which I did not much regard,) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties' hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen. In a few weeks the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Gay's fables) "that she would take up the Hare;" and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay; but, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept: and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I, and everybody else, were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well: and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice;" which she did, both in a letter, and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" and to my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid; my health grew worse; I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith; and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither; where, although I have ever since

lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds, except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay* is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her shew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one else has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court; and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, besides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a breach of politics as they usually suppose: for however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do govern-

* The use of the present tense shews that this letter had been written before its actual date, of 8th January, for the Dean had intelligence of Gay's death on 20th December.

ment no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be; but I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument,* nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem, madam, your ladyship's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered: and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan. 13, 1732–3.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable,

* In St. Andrew's church, Dublin, to the memory of her sister, Lady Penelope Berkeley.—P.

ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy, sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay.* It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost everybody, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggars' Opera, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to everybody for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have

* He died December 4, 1732.—H.

no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of headache and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading: and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours; they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c., put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project in the trial of a poor parson.* The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quàm paucâ sapientiâ mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine; the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he entrusted this affair to. It was

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* Dr. Sacheverell.—H.

not this gentleman's brother, whose name is De la Mar, to whom shew what friendship you can. My brother is getting money now, in China, less, and more honestly, than his predecessors' supercargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a-week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the galleys. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access,) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect,

Your most faithful humble servant.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 1732–3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living has not hardened me; for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two

persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not any more than in the other; and know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he has left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition, under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which, however, would have been but few, for my long absence has made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on. Dr. Delany presents you his most humble service; he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant, plentiful table, walks the streets, as usual, by day-

light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——,* which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service; I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirits. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for anything so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you; she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Mr. Pilkington.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

My Lord, January, 1732–3.

It is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, enclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer; because, although I believe no man has a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses, (which would have ill become me,) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publicly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the meantime, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance, on so barren a subject: by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not; in spite of whom it will be said, in future ages, That one of Lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. Swift. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron, of virtue, learning, and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age

and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer of, my Lord,

Your most obedient, obliged, and
most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Jarvis Street, Six o'Clock, Friday Evening,
Feb. 2, 1732–3.

SIR,

I DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine; but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful, humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so do not be angry at these blots. Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of £0, 1*s.* 1½*d.* for value received, this 2d day of February 1732–3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY.*

—o—

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

London, Feb. 6, 1732–3.

Queen Anne's Birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called *lord mayor's officers*, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have

* This promissory note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.—D. S.

got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city music, and a porter to Guildhall.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one-third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission: the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters, called *cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all would not do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and cannot help myself.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great, I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example

will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's Square, and another at Sheen (which I hope you will accept,) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious, agreeable fellow. I carried him the other day to see her grace of Bucks in the Park. Her grace seeing him, asked, Who he was? I answered, "He was a present from you from Dublin." She smilingly replied, "He is no fool then, I am sure."

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 28, 1732–3.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier.* She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as she always does;

* The Countess of Suffolk.—H.

but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire with their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute anything to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it, (that I detest avarice in courts, corruption in ministers, schisms in religion, illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres.) But, at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful

large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is Sir Robert Walpole, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South Sea did not rise high enough, and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me how wrong, unjust, and senseless, party factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues, I love and admire; in which number is Lady Suffolk; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and, as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, February 16, 1732–3.

My Lord,

The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence, and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any other's on this side.

I am just recovered, in some degree, of two cruel indispositions, of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your Lordship, and Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire respect and esteem,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most obliged servant,

Jon. Swift.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

February 16, 1732–3.

It is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or anything else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy,* (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death,) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables† he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes

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* "The Wife of Bath;" which, in truth, is but an indifferent comedy.—Dr. Warton.

† The second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first; particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable, which read like party pamphlets.—Dr. Warton.

fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies,) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in, that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart to omit what you called the libel on Dr. Delany, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I do not mean that anything of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace,* writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about

* 2 Sat. i.

twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst* is a part of it, and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who shew their best silks last; or, (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly,) my works will in one respect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *orna me.* The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point,) and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to anything else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same

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* He himself, we see, calls this piece a *letter*, not a *dialogue*, as it was afterwards entitled.—Dr. WARTON.

time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country I think you would have a strong invitation.* Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber; he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to you; innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable; my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you; the whole list of persons to whom you sent your services return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. Your lady friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an epistle to her, on that qualification in a female character;† which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'œuvre;* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

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* From Bolingbroke.

† The Epistle on the "Characters of Women," addressed to Martha Blount. In the first edition he asserted, "upon his honour," that no character was taken from life.—BOWLES.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here,) but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

February 21, 1732–3.

SIR,

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But, considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual; by which advantage I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I *seem* to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my

duty to my friend, to do him the justice to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in anything essential. The Duke of Queensberry meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money affair. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of anything; and if you will only write word what you would have done with your money, great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy me; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost everything, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be anything.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you will believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has

not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this, in order to be my own flatterer.

I will believe——

I never write my name.

I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the Duke of Queensberry bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed Dean of St. Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek farther after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued; but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, since at the same time you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me

from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return ; * and as I think to be a member of our senate-house, is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough, entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the Bishop of Clogher, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for court favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, beside paying an acknowledgment that in gratitude is due, although the person were never so well qualified ; thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I do not succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take everything with patience as it comes, by no

* It is presumed, from his travels.—D. S.

means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my Christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *la farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffic with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes; they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle;* yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestic. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

—o—

TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM, March 20, 1832-3.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been

much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend,* I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, farther than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon life, and what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in anything longer than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in anything, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the

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* Mr. Gay.—H.

public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances, with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons for your loyal benevolence. In the meanwhile, I humbly entreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very tetchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter wherein I mentioned good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of

this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am, with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord Duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

—o—

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, March 24, 1732–3.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is I do not know. I shewed

it to my wife and Lady Worsley,* who will not fail to obey your commands, and tease me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of Dublin when it comes into the house. I know by experience how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder.† You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. Pilkington. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. Delany is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations,‡ or to answer the reverend prelate § on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me that I would shut my eyes to such revelation, so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which

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* His mother-in-law.

† Mr. Stanard was about this time chosen recorder for the city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.—H.

‡ Revelation examined with Candour.—B.

§ Dr. Robert Clayton, Bishop of Killala, January 23, 1729; translated to Cork, December 19, 1735; and to Clogher, August 26, 1745.

nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any additions : and therefore, I would run no risk as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish ; and I entreat you to believe that I am with great truth,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27, 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. Helsham to see and direct you ; your scheme of riding and country air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or not, it is all we have for it ; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public, and all your family, have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood : but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will ; and if

that takes place forty years hence, and God for the sins of men should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who next to yourself have done you most hurt, whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect,) but a kind of know-not-what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented: however, it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *bon mots*, and *contes à rire*, will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: however, it shall have all the pushing I can give.* I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us; I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here to have it the same way here. We are slaves already. And from my youth upward, the great wise men, whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G— send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of

* It would seem the Doctor had thoughts of publishing the collections of jests and witticisms, which Swift elsewhere mentions.

indolence and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina* is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin and without fees. So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am yours.

P.S.—I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.—So pick as you are able
I am not so *frank* a writer as you.

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

My most dear Dean,

I am indebted to you for several scraps of paper, which you have sent me: but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *penultième;* I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to

* One of those poor people to whom the Dean used to give money when he met them in his walks; some of them he named thus, partly for distinction, and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stompanympa, Pullagowna, Friterilla, Flora, Stumphantha.—D. S.

do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man £100. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the Dublin cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question. I have often reflected (from what cause it arises I know not) that, though the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted, determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men; but was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to anything else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of anything else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed over the Christian world. So much for the Dublin cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about midsummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days,) and you shall be better

accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think I may say it is by much the finest place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.*

Poor John Gay! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are growing very idle: for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish solicitor.† I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

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* Probably by the publication of the first satire of the second book of Horace imitated, in a dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq., on the one part, and his learned counsel on the other; published February 1732–3.—B.

† In allusion to the interest which the Dean took in the Irish cases depending in the House of Peers.

FROM MR. POPE.

April 2, 1733.

You say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully; whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever is, is right. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbours' and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some

weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give; and I will not render them less important or less interesting by sparing vice or folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers and spies, &c., about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles: they will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can,) and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady Mary Wortley's or Lord Harvey's performance; they are certainly the top wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, precommended, and post-disapproved, so as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints,* and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem,† in which I am immortal for my

* At this time there was a great outcry among all the courtiers against the keenness of this satire.—Dr. WARTON.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.—Dr. WARTON.

morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer, which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never likely to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady * for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs,) ever yours.

—o—

FROM LORD AND LADY MASHAM.

London, April 7, 1733.

SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be back-

* The Duchess of Queensberry.

ward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mention, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction; and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the Mashams, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir,

Your most faithful and humble servant,

MASHAM.

POSTSCRIPT BY LADY MASHAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant,

A. MASHAM.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

April 12, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment, so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper. And bring on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

While I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be anything in them. Poor man! he was most truly everything you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefullest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am tetchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfect ones of an imperfect mind; (which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act.) Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same, yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down; for words are wind, it is said:

but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart, would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last; for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, viz., disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore, pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise and good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If anybody has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name, (unless they have my help,) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and everything, except a day younger than I am; and that is a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite my envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or to my friends. The very reverse happens to

me, when I am too well spoken of: for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbles me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Launcelott*, (ill spelt to be sure,) and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you as you order. And as to what interest is due to you, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me: for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely

Yours, &c.

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, April 14, 1733.

I am extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for, though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and I doubt occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his public capacity, that whether it be his humility or his pride, he deserves to be gratified.

I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should he not shew as much regard for the liberty of England, as he did for the money of Ireland? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people were offended that the bills were dropped, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more

coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to shew himself in the corporation; and Henley, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds. * *
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I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely your grateful, &c.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have answered yours of the 22d of March long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights: and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself; Mrs. Chamber's younger sister having had the small-pox; but now perfectly well, though she has hitherto been a very puny sickly girl. Mrs. Floyd too has been excessively bad with her

winter-cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the Countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the show of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland, than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for: though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion to politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

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* Mr. Gay. There seems no just ground for supposing that Mrs. Howard neglected to exert what influence she possessed in favour of Gay. But that of Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole was thrown into the scale against him, and preponderated.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis, for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that everybody may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done

yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends; I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived among you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus,* is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dullness, only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than to see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see

the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you with his permission. I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *striking their aching*,* the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour:† but first kill his father that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near £600 for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I shall find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me‡ to desire he might

* Pope altered the epithet objected to by Swift to *pensive.*

† The neighbour is Lord Bolingbroke, and he evidently hints at the doctrines of the Essay on Man. Lord Bolingbroke's father, Lord St. John, was still living.—BOWLES.

‡ George Faulkner of Dublin printed four volumes of the Dean's works, and, as it would appear, much against his inclination.

print my works (as he called them) in four volumes by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London; I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determined not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in everything of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

FROM MISS KELLY.*

Jarvis Street, May 4, 1733.

SIR,

I AM sure if you know what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed

* This submissive epistle seems to have been intended to mitigate the Dean's resentment at some inconsiderate expressions, by which the writer had given him offence. On such occasions he was not sparing in exhibiting his displeasure. "Corrigible people," says he, in a letter to Mrs. Pilkington, "are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be safe from any lecture of mine."

into pity; for indeed, sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you, I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour, was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead anything in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and for God's sake, sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men

of virtue: all other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me: and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter, telling me the person who "published it had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be in doing my best to prevent the publishing of anything unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends' partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or, at least, only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these later times can be expected. Come, and quicken him: for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we.

To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, London, May 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack,) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my Lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told how

happy I have been in your company. Everybody loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved* myself* right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury, May 31, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I AM now again your Tunbridge correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round

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* Dr. Swift could not endure to hear the phrase *Behaved—Behaved what?* he would say with some emotion. He once gave his cousin Deane Swift an account of his rebuking Lord Bathurst for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The words being here marked under by Mrs. Pendarves, prove that she refers to some rebuke of that kind.—N. To this I have to add, that Mrs. Pendarves mentioned to a lady, that one of the greatest bursts of Swift's displeasure she ever incurred, was by the use of the word *mob*. "Never let me hear you use that word again," said the Dean with great anger. "What then should I say?" "*Rabble*, to be sure," was Swift's reply.

the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, designed it always, and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day very hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly resented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to; that is, going to the Spa about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, (and a very agreeable one too,) to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the headache. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray, understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the Spa, or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I

shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirits, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it: but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be: the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your lawsuit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied anything is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to Lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and a half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother

that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

—o—

FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, Bristol Hot Wells, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprised at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in everything, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me; and I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known; there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents: the former despise one, because their clothes are finer than yours; and the latter have no view in keeping your company, but

to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the Wells; and I thank God I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who, by character, is a second Æsculapius, and can raise people from the dead,) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor do either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. Kelly.

Your expedition to Tallow* makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this dis-

* The country-seat of the Archbishop of Dublin. It is difficult to say whether the paragraph alluded to be serious or ironical; it appeared in the London Journal, 2d June, 1733, and probably in other papers, and is of the following tenor:—

"*Dublin, May* 19.—Last Saturday, the 12th of this instant, the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and the Reverend Dr. Sheridan, rode from

covery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanery-house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish anything would send Barber here; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you would be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, Admiral Rooke's son's lady.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time

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Dublin to Tallow Hill, to take a prospect of the adjacent country. As they were mounting a rock, they observed a stream running through the middle of it, which fell into a natural basin, and was thence conveyed through some subterraneous cavities; but they could not anywhere discover by what secret passage it was conveyed out again; so that they concluded the waters were still in some reservoir within the bowels of the hill, which must infallibly come to burst forth in time, and fall directly upon the city. The Doctor sent for a milking-pail, to compute what quantity ran out, which held two gallons, and it was filled in the space of a minute; so that it runs in 24 hours 2880 gallons. This multiplied by 365, produces 1,051,200, and shews the quantity that runs from the rock in a year; so that in three years, about the 13th of November, he computed that it must burst the body of the mountain, and emit an inundation, which will run to all points of the Boyne, and greatly endanger the city of Dublin."

when to set his friends a-swimming, that he cannot find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would cheerfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post; so pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one-word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three and sixpence affair of my own, that I do not know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent for the sake of one bishop and minister, that, I say, have cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South-Sea or East-India directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. Chamber about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

June 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For, since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you, that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book. I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be

followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern* (who has just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor,† who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town, are as firm and dry in winter, as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous

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* The poet. † Delany.

to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain, that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six.* Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with serious-

* It is remarkable, however, that Swift had occasion literally to complain of this insult in Ireland to the House of Peers, in the case of Lord Blaney, and to the public, in the second number of the Intelligencer, against Squire Ram of Gory, by whose carriage he was nearly ridden down.

ness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to Lord Bolingbroke and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MISS KELLY.

Bristol, July 8, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me: and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for everything beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I have grown fonder of reading, than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only

joys at home. But my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me ; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend ; we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing : this we make easy, by following our inclinations ; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to inquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England ; surely, if you were, you would tell me so ; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs ; all marks you give me of your friendship, increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it : for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be described.* For surely to be the daughter of a Colonel Chartres, must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety ; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del

* The young lady alludes to the misconduct of her father. Mr. Kelly was an Irish gentleman of property, and remarkable as having been imprisoned on account of a Jacobite plot. It would seem he was attached to low intrigues and dissipation.

Toboso is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let such things, make an impression on me, which, spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother, (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness,) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half-starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance, rather than bear any longer: and as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel god* that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore, I must beg the favour of you

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* The God of Health, poetically expressed.—D. S.

to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, Esq., commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with Lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a-year, and five hundred a-year pin-money.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

"Now," says *Parson Swift*,* "what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth."—"Why," say I again, "ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but, to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord-lieutenant's ink." My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his grace and his secretary make so much use

* This is the name by which Lady Betty distinguishes the Dean, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on the Game of Traffic. We have already remarked, that in most of her letters there occur allusions to the poems which Swift wrote while he resided as chaplain with her father, Lord Berkeley.

of it, that they are often obliged to give me half-a-crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *trève de compliment.* Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and sixpence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes for a Sunday-dinner, and says he loves me better than anybody in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a-year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! That is such a moral reflection, that lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you some-

thing to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well-beloved friend.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Gloucester, July 21, 1733.

SIR,

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal; but I am afraid your good-breeding, more than your inclination, procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me

amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer. If this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Long-Leat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress; his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long-Leat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My Lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made

me promise to pay him a visit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The syren has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly; she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My Lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloucester.

—o—

TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER.*

July, 1733.

My Lord,

I have been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder, that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think anything of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood; you were afterwards chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build

* Dr. John Sterne. The Journal to Stella bears witness to the former intimacy between him and Swift, and indeed Sterne's promotion to the bishopric of Clogher took place in order to facilitate that of the latter to the deanery of St. Patrick's, as is hinted at in this letter.

another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, that I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forebore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner; for otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy,* (which

* One of these two bills, respecting which the Dean expresses himself with such intemperate zeal, was intended to give the bishops power to oblige the country clergy to build mansion-houses upon the glebes; the other authorised the bishops to subdivide parishes into as many parcels as they should think fit. Swift considered both these bills as calculated to give the bishops an undue

took their birth from hell,) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station: for, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument not to be conquered,) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.*

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordship

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and tyrannical power over the body of the clergy. He opposed them vehemently, in a tract entitled, "Considerations upon two bills relating to the Clergy." See vol. VIII. p. 307. The bills were thrown out by the House of Commons.

* See his poem on the Irish Bishops, vol. XII. p. 409.

of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents, (the fanatic's lease being near out,) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others.* This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

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* Notwithstanding the unconciliatory tone of this letter, the Bishop of Clogher, in a reply dated 25th June, 1734, refers to it in a moderate and good-humoured manner.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.*

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise, two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleased to a great degree, that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have been hardly worth the journey: and I must bear the load of this obligation, without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family: for, in spite of all your good words, I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honour and happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you often during this last summer; and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose: yet I flatter myself that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that

* Miss Long, married to Charles Cæsar, Esq., member for Hertford.

belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you, for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter; therefore I accepted and understood it only as a billet just writ, while Mrs. Barber stood by in her hood and scarf, just ready to take her leave and begin her journey; and what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long, because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. Cæsar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family.

I am, with true respect, madam,

Your most obedient, and

most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Dublin, July 30, 1733.

I COULD not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover: she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, consider-

ing her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good-humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health, nor the bad state of my private affairs, will give me power or leave; I cannot make shift, nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I must have two servants and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my absence. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and when he hath dined, to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after her death waived the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of Dean Cotterel and his sister; he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking.* I had a very convenient apartment for

* This hint the Dean appears not to have taken very kindly.

him in the deanery-house: he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions, concerning yourself and Mr. Cæsar, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity, with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me: yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar.

I am, with the greatest respect, madam,

Your most obedient, and

most obliged humble servant.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

July, 1733.

My Lord,

Although I never read news, I often hear of your lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your and the city address to the House of Commons, for throwing out that execrable bill of excise, and your defence of the city, in the answer you gave to the recorder on the subject of riots.* I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My Lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villainous agent, has been extremely generous to her, in easing her of one part of her load: and I hope, by the success of her poems, she will be made tolerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My Lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us, since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives; I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so

* Mr. Barber, during his mayoralty, was active in encouraging the opposition, generally excited through England, by Sir Robert Walpole's excise scheme.

that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and, indeed, I think him a very valuable young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journeys that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your lordship in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happily and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not in the least deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to acquire more.

Your lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour.

I must desire leave to tell your lordship, that I have not known a more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour, or is more thankful for the smallest.* Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way, without trouble to yourself. And among other things, I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high, as our friend Sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to

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* In a preceding letter, Mr. Barber had expressed some fears that this lady would stick herself upon him in the quality of a relation, by virtue of bearing the same surname.

send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it.

I am, with true respect, my Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Goldsmiths' Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

SIR,

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country; and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, "your loss will be our gain," as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year; I have presented him at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made £500 in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many other laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and yet I hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney: and among other things your name was mentioned, and Lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture

to repeat, "that they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age." The conversation turning on another subject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——

I dined yesterday with Lord Bolingbroke only: he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well,* I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish is false and scandalous: I never used such an expression in my life; I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

—o—

FROM MISS KELLY.

London, August 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more con-

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* The lord-mayor of Dublin, to whom Swift addresses his translation of the epistle of Horace.

cerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake, try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare than your

F. A. KELLY.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the

mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself: Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons: I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her; and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topics, I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems

to your lordship; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business.* Poetry has only been her favourite amusement; for which she has one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some

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* Her husband was a woollen-draper, and apparently needed such an helpmate, if we may judge from the character bestowed on him as a tradesman, by Lady Betty Germain, Vol. XVII. p. 386.

service, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the truest esteem and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MRS. DINGLEY.*

Wednesday, August 29, 1733.

IF you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway ;† with a

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* The Dean used constantly to visit Mrs. Dingley ; but in such a manner, as to prevent her being at any expense in providing entertainments.—F.

† Mrs. Dingley's lodgings were in Grafton Street, Dublin, at the house of a daughter of his old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, wife to an idle spendthrift, one Ridgeway, a cabinet-maker ; for the relief of whose necessities she was once about selling an annuity of £20 a-year, that had been bequeathed to her for life by her late mistress, Lady Newtown. The Dean, upon hearing of such a design, commiserated her case, and paid down the sum agreed for as the purchase, retaining it in his own power ; then paid the annuity to her every year, as if it had been received from Lady Newtown's executors ; and afterwards bequeathed it to her, which she enjoyed till her death, which happened Oct. 16, 1774. For her better encouragement to take more than ordinary care of him in that illness which he always dreaded, and foresaw as plainly as he would a coming shower, he left her £100 more. But, to bind her more strongly to her duty still, after he had settled all his affairs by a last will, he signed a bond and warrant for a farther sum of £300 ; observing, at the same time, "It may be, the jade will hereafter demand interest upon this bond, though only intended as an additional legacy." Upon which she declared, she never would do so, and wondered that the Dean could suspect her of it. However, his conjecture proved true in the end : for she afterward intermarried with an avaricious man, one Henry Land, (whom the

bottle of wine, and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do like this proposal, send word. I would dine a little after two.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing anything, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; everybody is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelished. I write more to shew you I am tired of this life, than to tell you anything relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that

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Dean had formerly appointed sexton of his cathedral, in which office he had acquired some wealth,) who persuaded her, in 1748, to join him in demanding £144 for eight years' interest due on the said bond, which was paid along with the principal by the executors: but she generously remitted a small part, by way of benefaction to the Dean's hospital.

I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so overpraised and overfed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them: and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness: nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I:* as little for any nation in contradis-

* "The rest of his life," says Johnson, "was spent in Ireland, in a country to which not even *power* almost *despotic*, nor flattery almost *idolatrous*, could reconcile him."

tinction to others, as I; and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.

Adieu. All you love are yours, but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

—o—

FROM MRS. DONELLAN.

London, Sept. 22, 1733.

SIR,

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for Miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judged chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach,* and added to all these, a very great de-

* Miss Kelly died the last week in October, 1733. See a letter from Mr. Ford, on 6th November.

jection of spirit; which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not Miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol, were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and, above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest

danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: you know, sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone; even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret and especially to the person concerned. If you have anything to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct, if you please, for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit Street. I should beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this long letter: but I hope my friendship to Miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness: but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONELLAN.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Gloucester, Oct. 24, 1733.

SIR,

I CANNOT imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, sir, and tell you (now do not be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's set: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly Wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long; the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and a half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My Lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My Lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of King Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard* and Delville.† I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau monde flock to London to see her

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* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift.—D. S.

† Dr. Delany's beautiful villa, about a mile from Dublin.—D. S.

royal highness* disposed of; while I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl, my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the court. Is this virtue, or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long-Leat:† I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable for me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Amesbury, Nov. 3, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict, (without hurting one's self,) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you will own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a

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* The late Princess of Orange.—D. S.

† The country seat of Lord Weymouth.

letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to Spa, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post; pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not fail to gain credit, if you could conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversable. I do not only pity, but grieve at, those complaints you mention; they are a cruel encumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am, really sorry, that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with constancy, regard, and respect,

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. FORD.

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians everywhere; and they are merciless dogs in purging and vomiting to no purpose, when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, &c., in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backward and

forward, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Crosthwaite* will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised, that the test act should be repealed this session in Irelan d; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost Miss Kelly, who, they say, was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I have met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worrall, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: anything to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to

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* Mr. Ford's steward.—H.

your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by

Your ever obliged, &c.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letters getting to you. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, (as the saying is,) for I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks; and by so not doing, I did give some offence.*

* The duchess never deigned to alter her dress according to the variations of fashion, but continued steady to that which she had worn in the meridian of her beauty. This peculiarity is the foundation of a poetical compliment paid to her grace by William Whitehead, upon her alleging that the frequent change of female fashion was merely a stratagem to catch the attention of the other sex; an opinion which the poet thus confutes:

Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own assertion, and my song,
Whose beauty, undisguised by art,
Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill-spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness, (if that be sufficient,) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in everything we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good-humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the

innkeeper let drop, "if you mean to go," an hour and a half after we had told him fifty times, that we positively would go on. The other, at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed there was nothing worth seeing; though, besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's Cymon are strictly applicable to me:—

> "Her corn and cattle are her only care,
> And her supreme delight a country fair."

I shall forget to name my Irish friend; it is Mr. Coote. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense or good humour. I tell you, that I do not use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind; at some times proof against anything, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we staid but three days. We are now at Amesbury; but pray direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe everything you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember,

with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever.

I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible. His grace is very much yours.

—o—

FROM MRS. PRATT.

London, Nov. 10, 1733.

SIR,

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents.

This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure, which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprise me greatly in telling me that my Lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my Lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

—o—

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

As I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths' Hall to Queen Square is hardly credible; for in one view to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence, I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office, I took care to do justice

to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.:—

Of the city.					
Salary . . .	£20	0	0		
Gratuity . . .	25	0	0		
Gratuity extraordinary .	21	0	0		
				£66	0 0
From my lord mayor . . .				50	0 0
Five sermons preached before the mayor				10	0 0
For a copy of one sermon printed .				4	0 0
				£130	0 0

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a-year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business,) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a-year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of

Mr. Edward Walpole,* from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr. Alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P.S.—Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his counsel.

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* Second son of Sir Robert Walpole. These *dependencies*, as he calls them, appear to have fretted Barber, a rigid old-fashioned Tory, who seems also to have been rather dissatisfied with Mr. Pilkington's neglect in waiting upon him. Pilkington was soon discovered to have worse faults.

FROM THE COUNTESS GRANVILLE.*

DEAR SIR, Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive-branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes† your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you will believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

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* Grace, widow and relict of George Lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, Earl of Bath. She was created Viscountess Carteret, and Countess Granville, 1st January, 1714–15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late Earl.—B.

† A seat of Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, in Bedfordshire.—B.

—o—

FROM MRS. CONDUITT.*

SIR, George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

MRS. BARBER did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which, since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore, when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the meantime, I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin, for publishing (as it is said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a-working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present

* Thus indorsed by the Doctor:—"My old friend Mrs. Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt."—D. S.

times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

—o—

FROM MR. COOTE.*

London, Dec. 13, 1733.

SIR,

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and

* This gentleman is mentioned in the Duchess of Queensberry's letter of 10th November preceding. He was father to Sir Charles Coote, who succeeded to the Earldom of Bellamont, in 1764. Swift had introduced Mr. Coote to several of his English friends, amongst others to Pope, with this remarkable recommendation, "Dear Pope, though the little fellow that brings this be a justice of peace and a member of our Irish House of Commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."—*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 350.

I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James's coffee-house. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.*

DEAR SIR, Dec. 20, 1733.

YOURS *I received,* and if it *was* not that I have *a good deel of company* to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins,* I would go and play a game of backgammon *with* Mr. *Worrall's* tables, and be *after win-*

* Indorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence, in presuming to answer my eloquent Hibernicisms."—D. S.

ning some of Mrs. *Worrall's coin;* I would not *fear* to win *a crown piece* of her money by playing *sixpence halfpenny a time.* She is a very *good body,* and one that I have *a great value for;* I wish my *spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting.* I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the *mending hand,* for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order.* She is as good a woman as ever *breathed,* and it is a *thousand pities* that anything should *ail her.* God Almighty *wish her well;* for I am sure if she *went off,* the doctor would not meet with *her fellow.* I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brush.*

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre;* if you will *make one,* you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father;* for nobody *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis Street.*

—o—

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret, and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine; I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies, than attempt

to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband * of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

January 6, 1733-4.

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked; the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner the pleasure, (which yet I feel very sensibly too,) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one I am sure is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by several franks, (even before it is here published), my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war

* Mr. Barber's letter, expressing himself less than satisfied with Mr. Pilkington, probably led to this sharp letter from the Dean to his wife.

declared against me by a certain lord;* his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it; otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B——† paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland; he is too much a half wit to love a true wit, and too much half honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and I think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him; he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to get rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests to private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can; if ever I can come to you, I will; if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

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* Harvey.

† B—— is perhaps Bishop Boulter, the friend of Phillips, of whom he says,

"Still to *one Bishop*, PHILLIPS seems a wit."—BOWLES.

P.S.—I am just now told, a very curious lady* intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

—o—

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

January, 1733–4.

My Lord,

It has been my great misfortune, that, since your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week, towards evening, there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth;† who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house,‡ went thither to inquire for me, and

* Probably M. Blount, concerning the offensive verses, "The Lady's Dressing-room," "Strephon and Chloe," &c.—Bowles.

† Serjeant Bettesworth, of whose controversy with the Dean, which ended ridiculously and unhappily for himself, some account is given in the author's life, and in Dr. Hawkesworth's note in the next letter.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Worrall's, where the Dean often dined.

was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the backroom, and went to him. He began with asking me, "Whether I were the author of certain verses, wherein he was reflected on." The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was; said, "I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more." He then signified to me, "That he was a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament." After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, "I was mistaken in one thing; for he assured me he was no booby; but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, "That by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them, as if he had seen them fall from my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me.* He then told me, "That, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and shew the world what a man I was." When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have

* The offensive couplet was introduced by way of simile :—

"Thus at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth," &c.

opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported; and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, about five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no farther; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours, first to my assistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life; and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he has amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter; for, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character; for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his

looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which, however, are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour.

I am, with the highest respect, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

March 2, 1733–4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor Lady Suffolk will never have: for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger; and sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle; *

* About this time an attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in Ireland; and the Dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call

but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the "composition" * will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

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themselves "Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians," with the members of the established church. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author; and for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form; and presented a paper, subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.—H.

* "And call'd the happy composition Floyd."

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, London, March 4, 1733–4.

If ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish everybody was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz., a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both

by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's;* we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect or hope for, is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble; I have not seen her, I fancy, for that reason; but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, dear Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am

Your most faithful friend, &c.

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* "The Distrest Wife."

FROM MR. GRANT.*

London, March 14, 1733–4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit, and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white-herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption

* Francis Grant, a merchant in London.—N.

of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring-fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country: yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid

only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both; to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P.S.—If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant in London.

—o—

TO MR. GRANT.

Dublin, March 23, 1733-4.

SIR,

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery; you discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in

the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last Lord Wemyss told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish; he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot,) and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time, I did often press the Lord-Treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think,) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened, indeed by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of £300, which my old friend, my Lord Carteret, was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin £100,000 in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it: and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl—s and kn—s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to £200,000: the few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here: and mentioning your scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should

pass into an act, it will become a job; your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old Whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: they advanced £200 by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would anybody join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two-thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost £30,000 a-year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions, your most obedient servant.

P.S.—I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one: so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, April 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other: for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have some-

thing, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean.* Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you, than I do.

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* There is no great pleasure in guessing who was here meant; but it would seem to be Mr. Pilkington, whose conduct in London seems to have disobliged those to whom the Dean recommended him, and especially Barber.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Jermyn Street, April 13, 1734.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then observe, that I have more friends now, than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion; however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said anything in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have

* His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married Feb. 14, 1733-4, to the Honourable John Spencer.—B.

shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

—o—

TO MISS HOADLY.*

MADAM, June 4, 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence.

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* Daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin.

These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And, besides, I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged; first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a-month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this: when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand; I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will shew the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit: and therefore, I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a-week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread

and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management: and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most, &c., to his grace and the ladies.

—o—

FROM THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER.*

MR. DEAN, Clogher, June 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date,† and should, it may be, out of good manners, have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you,

* Dr. Sterne.

† July, 1733. The letter was of a very severe tendency, to which this is a moderate and good-humoured reply. See p. 132.

when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution,* so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds,† as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

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* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter.—D. S.

† Which the dividend upon Beaumont's effects seems to have amounted to.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.

I THANK you, my dear Dean; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find anything which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition

may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the King of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the Talapoins (do they not call them so?) held this maxim. Neither he, nor they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava: their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations, (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves,) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular,* who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbons, &c.,

* The Earl of Oxford.

who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some Rochefoucault or other, some anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to the one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The

greatest part of the men I have seen out of business, have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or, retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia, "*Hic situs est Vattia.*" But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The stoics were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius, and his master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c., and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears over-

much.* He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing.† I am glad you approve his moral essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe,

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* The translation is entitled, "Sober Advice from Horace, imitated from his second sermon," and begins:—

> The tribe of templars, players, apothecaries,
> Pimps, poets, wits, Lord Fannys, Lady Marys;
> And all the court in tears, and half the town,
> Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone;
> Engaging Oldfield, who, with grace and ease,
> Could join the arts to ruin and to please.

† Bolingbroke, in his younger days, was noted for gallantry and dissipation. The following seems to be the passage in which he is alluded to:—

> And yet some care of S—— should be had.
> Nothing so mean, for which he can't run mad;
> His wit confirms him but a slave the more,
> And makes a princess whom he found a whore.

that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on those heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if anything else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, Aug. 8, 1734.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any farther to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person, (I speak without excepting one,) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge

me, and make use of your power often: I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of ——.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken part in whatever fortune befell me or my family.

Indulge, therefore, the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the duke* you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c., so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to, such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family: and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus

* William Bentinck, the second Duke of Portland.—D. S.

you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my Lord Peterborow, near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, Bishop of Winchester; and is to be succeeded by Hoadly, and farther I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your works?† he promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

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* An English clergyman, who, soon after the date of this letter, got very good preferment in the church of Ireland. In the year 1768, he was prebendary of Christ-Church, Dublin, and rector of St. Thomas in the East.—D. S.

† These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by Swift himself, as indeed were afterward the two subsequent volumes, printed by Faulkner in the year 1738.—D. S.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

SIR,

To shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing-school and a spelling-book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

August 16, 1734.

DEAR DEAN,

A LITTLE before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and

fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle-Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margose: you hear nothing but noise; with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands don du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends.

I am yours to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.*

Aug. 31, 1734.

My Lord,

Although I have long had the honour to be an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason, your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many learned and worthy persons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession.† They can be of no use in England, and

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* On this nobleman the Dean wrote a severe epigram beginning :—

James Bridges and the Dean at first were friends, &c.,

which was probably occasioned by the miscarriage of the present application, in the course of which the Duke said the Dean was an entire stranger to him. See the circumstance alluded to in a letter to Lady Betty Germain, 8th June, 1735, and the epigram itself, Vol. XIV. p. 340.

† These collections were made by Sir James Ware, the celebrated Irish antiquary, about the middle of the 17th century. They were acquired by Lord Clarendon, son of the historian, when lord-lieutenant, in 1686, brought by him into England, sold after his death, and purchased by the Duke of Chandos.

the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for a thousand pounds, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself, as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your grace's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Little Brook Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

SIR,

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring; I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other

means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect; could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long-Leat to my Lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's, at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flourishes; it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord Carteret is at Hawnes; my Lady Carteret is in town, nursing my Lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my Lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire; that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly; her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will

be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear, (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter,) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem, by not

answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness I do, or to abstain from some prudential reasons. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office,) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of an honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and it is hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling out to the dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand, (if I have any judgment in style,) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose of yours, as commissioned by you, which has since appeared and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England; but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those

essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others; yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord Bolingbroke is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at, the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing;) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

POSTSCRIPT BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

OUR friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till toward the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics,* and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves while they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

BOLINGBROKE.

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* It is sufficiently acknowledged, "that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from Bolingbroke. What Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must be all Pope's."—JOHNSON.

PICKLE-HERRING TO MR. FAULKNER.*

SIRHA,†

ARE not you the rascal that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same Serjeant Kite ‡ was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself; had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?—Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on

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* Indorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper."—F.

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.—F.

‡ Bettesworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of Sergeant Kite.—F. Some of the adventurers in this poetical warfare, which seems to have interested the Dublin public for some time, are enumerated in a doggerel poem, entitled, The Case truly stated between S[wift] and B[ettesworth]. Printed in the year 1736.

> From Duncan, the Dean's only darling,
> To his far-off relation Starling;
> They say black Tisdal's of your party,
> And Tom, and bold translator Carty;
> One makes an epigram, and one
> Sets all his wits to make a pun;
> Another writes a long-tail'd poem,
> The author's Starling all may know him;
> Because he had the luck to find
> So many words of the same kind,
> Crowding together, rhyming Bettes-worth,
> As Nets-worth, Lets-worth, Sets-worth, Detts-worth.

my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles?—Recollect at last, and tremble! Whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad?—More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother!—But, however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? one should think, that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice, and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general, past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his ——, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness, an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger? O you swarm of green counsels and attorneys! I

wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner,* looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune, fortune, cruel are thy sports!—Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him? O the comfort of an easy conscience! Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellin, and everywhere he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that, as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustic and corrosives must be applied, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him

* Idler's Corner is a bookseller's shop, the corner of High-street and Christ-Church-lane, Dublin, near the four courts.—F.

with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action, (which now are subject of satire,) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which, (however he thought of it all the while,) he was not ill bred to; and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper Faulkner,* is it base fear, or it is insufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been anything above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but, sirha, if our brother Doctor Anthony† were alive,—rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven-bail,‡ and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel

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* Faulkner had but one leg.

† A whimsical kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the schoolboys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.—F.

‡ Keven-Bayl was a cant name for the mob of the Liberty of St. Patrick. The interest which they took in the Dean's behalf on occasion of Serjeant Bettesworth's threats of personal violence, is expressed in the verses, entitled "The Yahoo's overthrow, or the Kevan-Bayl's new Ballad upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean."

just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipestoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE-HERRING.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De la Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of

my symptoms, upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, farther than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment,* preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least devia-

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in March, 1734–5.—H.

tion from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

—o—

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.*

From my Observatory in the Parliament House, October 18, 1734.

SIR,

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect; as for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expense in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade; to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part, (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably,) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

* Indorsed, "A humorous project."—D. S.

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handling of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in clothing, and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

November 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my Lord Bolingbroke's postscript of September 15; it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I appre-

hend your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord Bolingbroke says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own interest leave you to your own speculations. God be thanked, I have done with everything, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous, healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in

morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live; it saves your money, and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the docter of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

Marston in Somersetshire,
Nov. 2, 1734.

SIR,

You may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you while I staid in England, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to Lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week: for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our good-will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say;

which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect; in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like Lord Orrery himself; and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy Dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? *Agnosco fontem;* for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about; for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit alta mente repostum.* His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you! but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not

like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal ; * but alas ! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man ; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself by way of cordial.

> What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
> Or good or bad, is much the same to me ;
> Since death must end my joy or misery,
> Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold ! I believe I begin to preach ; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny† pulpit instead of writing a letter to the Dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you ; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you ; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord Orrery, at Marston, near Froome, in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem, and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanery. ‡

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* In some respects this may be considered as an ominous and sinister prediction of what really took place before the Dean's death.

† Mr. Philips's benefice, about three miles from Dublin.—D. S.

‡ It was customary for the doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him ; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.—D. S.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to London, (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because, as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me,) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your most obedient and much obliged and humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

Do not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president* and Knowle. I have now left their graces

* Spencer, Earl of Wilmington.—H.

in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that is good for anything. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the Duke of Chandos, nor I believe has the Duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records* again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not, just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the Duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to

Your most sincere old friend,

and humble servant,

E. G.

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* See the Dean's letter to the Duke of Chandos, 31st August, 1734.

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FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

St. Mary's Square,
Gloucester, Nov. 20, 1734.

SIR,

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order; I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you: we all love honour and pleasure; were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the Dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and farthermore, I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days you talk of,* they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim; but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and

* That is, dining upon two or three dishes at the Deanery, which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the doctor used to call fasting.—D. S.

cannot move about without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the Duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it, however, into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society, than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you, (since I cannot have her,) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

—o—

FROM MR. JARVIS.*

Hampton, Nov. 24, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the Bishop of Worcester † so hale at 83–4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for non-admittance when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's ‡ picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, everywhere and nowhere, *à son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcase so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

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* A celebrated painter, contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller. —H.

† Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester.—H.

‡ Speaker of the House of Commons, one of the lords-justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.—N.

I held out bravely the three weeks' fogs, &c., and am very well.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN BLASHFORD,

PREBENDARY OF WICKLOW, AT HIS HOUSE, WICKLOW.*

Dublin, Dec. 12, 1734.

REVEREND SIR,

THERE is an inhabitant of this city, of whom I suppose you have often heard. I remember him from my very infancy, but confess I am not so well acquainted with him as in prudence I ought to be; yet I constantly pretend to converse with him, being seldom out of his company, but I do not find that our conversation is very pleasing to either of us. His health is not very good, which he endeavours to mend by frequent riding, and fancies himself to find some benefit by that exercise, although not very effectual. He intended, in the pursuit of health, to have gone a long northern journey, and to have stayed there a month; but his friends, (who are very few,) hearing that the place where he proposed to reside was not proper for riding, diverted him from it. Their reasons prevailed so far, that yesterday morning he wished to make his excuses to a gentleman who was to accompany him; but this person still insisting that he ought to put himself under a necessity of riding, was desired to petition you, who live within a day's journey of Dublin, and

* This and the following excellent and characteristic letter are now first printed. They were, with another letter to the same gentleman, obtained by the friendship of Mr. Weld Hartstonge.

have a fine riding near your town, called the Murrow, or some such name. By these incitements, he seems determined to quarter himself upon you for three weeks at least, if he can have your consent, or rather that of your lady, although I find he never had the honour to see her. He travels with two servants, and consequently three horses; but these latter are at hack, and the former at board-wages, so that neither of them will trouble you. As to the person himself, he every day drinks a pint of wine at noon, and another at night; and for the trouble he gives the house, he will allow one bottle more every day for the table; but not one drop for foreigners, who are to drink on your account; he will farther allow one shilling and sixpence English, for his commons, ale and small beer included.

But you are to direct how the wine can be found, and whether he must send it by a Wicklow carrier; but the bottles, when empty, he must be paid for. These are the conditions, only adding, that the family, during his residence, must be regulated by his own model, and you are to send an answer the very next post.

He travels with his own sheets, so that he makes no allowance upon that article. Whether you do or do not approve of these proposals, you are to give me an account, directed to the D—— of St. P——'s house; and the D——, after conferring with your future guest, will either return you an answer, or send the gentleman.

I am your most obedient

humble servant,

THE D—N.

The gentleman will return with you at the Dean's visitation, where he pretends to have some business.

TO THE REV. MR. BLASHFORD,

AT THE REV. MR. CORBETT'S AT DELGANY, NEAR KILLCOOLE.

Dublin, Dec. 17, 1734.

SIR,

THE weather yesterday being very fine, I rode to Howth house, and as I was getting on horseback to return, I was seized with so cruel a fit of that giddiness which at times hath pursued me from my youth, that I was forced to lie down on a bed in the empty house for two hours, before I was in a condition to ride. However, I got here safe, but am this morning very weak, as I always have been for many days after such fits, and in pain, for fear of another this day, which makes me write to you while I am able, although it be morning. I found your kind friendly letter last night upon my table at my coming home, and heartily thank you for your generous invitation, which, however, I dare not accept for fear of another attack; against which I must fence, by taking vomits and other medicines prescribed for me by some physicians, who happen to be my friends. If this accident had not fallen out, I intended to have begun my journey towards you this day, because I prophesied a fine parcel of weather from yesterday; but I was deceived, and must have waited to a better season. Pray God protect you and your family. I know not whether you have children, nor did I ever see your lady, or your house; so that I never did beg an invitation so much against the rules of common good manners, to one so much a stranger as you have been against my will to me; I am therefore bound in gratitude and by

inclination, to assure you, that I am, with much esteem and truth, sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM * * * * * *

Montrose, Dec. 17, 1734.

SIR,

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way. I have already tried my talents on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place: and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, sir,

Your most humble servant,
* * * * * †

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we choose to suppress the name; especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterward he applied with success to Apollo and the Muses.—D. S.

FROM MR. POPE.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering everything that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life, and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends: and may go where I will if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very easy journeys, this year to Lord Bathurst, and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious nor idle; rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that has been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly

disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall re-unite us; but he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should or should not continue into the other; and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth, (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth,) we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us; but this does not satisfy me, who would

rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay*) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write, (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one,) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and everybody that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake anything I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 25, 1734.

MR. R. HAMILTON is glad the venison† got safe to you; it was carried by a county Cavan man in

* Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

† See a preceding letter from Sheridan, 16th August, 1734.

the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition—— There's a county Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle-Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give——But you must take me along with you.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bayl* escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth† and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at Captain Per-

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* Dr. Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St. Patrick's his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.—D. S.

† The right spelling of this name is Bettesworth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. Bettesworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes.—D. S.

rott's, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that there is a drapier's club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows: from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. Vid. Grierson's new map.—There is another Cavan Bayl for you.*

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong-box with Jane,† that I may put my money among yours.

—o—

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

Dec. 28, 1734.

PRAY God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas box. I will see you as soon as I can. I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am ever entirely yours. I send you two bottles of wine.‡

JON. SWIFT.

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* Alluding to the inhabitants of the liberties of St. Patrick having formed themselves into a body-guard for Swift, upon Bettesworth's threatening personal violence against him.

† Dr. Swift's cook-maid.—D. S.

‡ It was known by an accident, after Dr. Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty-two pounds to Mrs. Dingley;

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

Jan. 14, 1734–5.

My Lord,

I am assured that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehen-

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but, instead of doing this with the pride of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended that he acted as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. However, he was punctual in paying it quarterly. He used to write the receipt himself, in the following form, every quarter-day, and sent it to be signed by the messenger who carried the money:—

"July 25th, 1737.

"Then received from Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of thirteen pounds Sterling, in full, for one quarter's rent of payments out of funds in England, by advance of what will be due to me at Michaelmas next, in this year 1737; the said Dean always paying me one quarter by advance. I say received by me,

"Re. Dingley."

Mrs. Dingley died before her benefactor, in July, 1743.—N.

sion they lie under of Dr. Whetcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your grace. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

It is alleged, "That this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a-year, in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, beside some other assistant; which, being so rich, it might well afford.

"That as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the revolution, and these in cases very different from the present: for those few livings which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and in the body of those dispensations is inserted a reason for granting them. That they were such livings as could be no hinderance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their society; because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future

times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations, when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

"That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as long and close study; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

"That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath, never to accept of any church preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows; to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whetcombe is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

"That at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whetcombe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons* to be educated in the College of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My Lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship is here obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downward to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church: where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and still are

* Lord George, his grace's third son. His lordship was under the tuition of Dr. Whetcombe and Mr. Molley, the one a senior, the other a junior, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.—H.

curates, for thirty years; which has been a great discouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the best in the kingdom,) until it shall lie in your way farther to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcilable to conscience to receive a dispensation.*

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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* It appears from a subsequent letter of the Dean, that this dissuasive had its effect upon the Duke of Dorset, and that the dispensation was not granted. Neither did Dr. Whetcombe long lack farther preferment, being created Bishop of Clonfert, 23d December, 1735, and translated to the Archbishopric of Cashel in 1752. He died 1754.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, London, Jan. 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; indeed, the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get

into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin, to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupets at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country I must leave her. But while I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. Donnellan.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

FROM AN UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN.*

REV. SIR, Jan. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Everybody knows that Lewis the Fourteenth built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Kilmainham; and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence.† The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentleman (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz., whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account: Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, viz., On this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato; the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius, eo ipso, quod imagines eorum non visebantur.* These gentlemen

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* This letter is indorsed, "Whimsical, and little in it."—D. S.

† The writer seems to allude to Swift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunatics.—D. S.

beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory.

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct to the Reverend Mr. Birch at Roscrea.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 13, 1734–5.

You are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague-house. He says it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you, to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say. So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The countess* has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with

* The Countess of Suffolk.—H.

a reception that she liked ; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her: and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.*

SIR, London, Feb. 18, 1734–5.

To honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the House of Lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend ; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great sway in the House) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. Skerret

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States-General during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.—H.

† Talbot.—H.

had not fully explained matters to the House; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the session; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondents' answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte;* yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause re-heard; but in the House of Lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole House seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for Thursday five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the meantime, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte.* I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expense of feeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them

any room for farther chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it : but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in everything you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the House of Commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

—o—

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Deanery-House, Dublin, March 1, 1734–5.

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,

I RECEIVED lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to shew my gratitude at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which, however, will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom ; of great honour, justice, truth, good sense, good-nature, and knowledge in his faculty ; this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry

Society, whereof you are a member. From such a recommendation as the prime serjeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which, I hope, is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink; but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined; and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend Doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems often and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains, with too much reason, of his disorders. What a havoc has death made among our friends since that of the queen! As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniencies that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men, and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the

week, like a king, by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which, I fear, will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in.

—o—

FROM LORD CARTERET,

SIR, Jermyn Street, March 6, 1734–5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before; it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for Captain Rowley in everything but judicature; and in that capacity, if Judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy, by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance

and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus and Pistorides.* I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the meantime they will be studied by my son and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish; as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords-lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my &c. &c. &c., all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

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* Joshua, Lord Allen, and Richard Tighe, Esq., against whom the Dean had written some severe satires, while Carteret was lord-lieutenant.

TO MR. PULTENEY.

Dublin, March 8, 1734–5.

SIR,

MR. STOPFORD going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words *Ultimus Britannorum.* You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues,

though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying-place of old Schomberg,* and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the House of Lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family, (wherein you have my constant prayers,) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a-year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your

* See the Countess of Suffolk's rebuke to the Dean for his indiscretion in this particular. Vol. XVII. p. 392.

favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender; and, therefore, he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works; he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine that after my death, the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor, I believe, ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

—o—

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

DEAR SIR, London, March 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for; his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over he asked me, (but in a very modest way,) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new Bishop of Derry's rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man* from being an English bishop, and

* There was a dispute concerning Bishop Rundle's promotion, between the Chancellor and Bishop of London. The former proposed him for the see of Gloucester, which was warmly opposed by the latter, who alleged some heretical doctrines against the

afterward allowing him to be good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself,) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers:* and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen,† is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company. What I have

reverend candidate. By way of composition, Dr. Rundle was soon after preferred to the Bishopric of Derry, in Ireland. Swift became much attached to Bishop Rundle, as is evident from his verses on his preferment.

* This abuse consisted in circulating a ministerial list of candidates among the Scottish nobility, a practice which would have dishonoured a corporation of cobblers, yet was not abolished till many years afterward.

† He was a native of Scotland.—H.

said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you; among them there is none that does so more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

—o—

TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, ESQ.*

SIR, March 19, 1734–5.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old, but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his decree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he

* This is a sensible and feeling letter, very proper to be read by such parents as have sons of the temper described in the text.

passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shewn it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me; I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * *; she told me, "That the young man's great fault was, too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often shewed in your house, and even among company;" which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured; yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment; and in the meantime, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet

put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although in his letter he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple; but, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaded with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William Street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes; she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a

son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side; but I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady, and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known, (which were not a small number,) have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguished talents and merit, whose life I

wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my Lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the Duchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; beside fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expense; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more, her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude; then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it.

I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and

affectionate humble servant,

H. Pratt.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employed me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking that you was a little upon the dear joy; * but, to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The Countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being £400 a-year, which the Duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bed-chamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago; for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and

* An Irish expression.—S.

generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece * presents her service to *Parson Swift.* The Duchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with Lady Lambert, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, April 5, 1755.

MRS. PEROTT has this instant invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice: for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr.

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* Mary, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, in Middlesex, Esq., by Lady Mary Berkeley, sister to Earl Berkeley and to Lady Betty Germain. She married, April 1736, Lord Vere Beauclerc, afterwards Lord Vere.—B.

Lingen* whether the Duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The Bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear Sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.†

DEAR SIR, Cashell, April 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin‡ was ordained here last Thurs-

* One of the secretaries to the lords justices.—D. S.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton. He was Rector of St. Werburgh's, and Chancellor of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's; Bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1723; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Cashell, Jan. 6, 1729, and died in 1744. This prelate appears to have been highly respected by the Dean, as being one of the four bishops who voted against the two bills, which, in the opinion of Swift, went to establish a tyranny in the persons of the spiritual lords over the inferior clergy. See the Poem on the Irish Bishops, vol. XII. p. 409, and the Considerations on the two Bills, &c., vol. VIII. p. 307.

‡ The Reverend Mr. Dunkin, author of several poetical pieces,

day, and that the recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope, will, in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too; and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased

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published in two volumes. He took a warm interest in the dispute between Bettesworth and the Dean, and was author of a poem, entitled "Bettesworth's Exultations," levelled against the unlucky serjeant. For this interference, he was assailed by the author of "The Case truly stated between Swift and Bettesworth," who says that Swift

> ——————————kiss'd him,
> And stroked his head and cheek, and bless'd him;
> Then made a deed and left the chit,
> In full reversion to his wit;
> And said, "Look sharp, thou shalt inherit
> A double portion of my spirit;
> But squander not this last donation,
> 'Tis fittest to divide the nation,
> That all the world may know what I know,
> Thou art my son, and not a bye-blow."
> So did Elijah on that day,
> When from his man he stole away,
> When carried in the fire and smoke,
> He threw him down his thread-bare cloak.

Under such attacks, Mr. Dunkin was consoled by the author of a poetical epistle, addressed to him, entitled, a "Libel on the Dublin Dunces;" printed in 1734.

> Let this thy motto serve to raise
> An ample monument to praise;
> *Abused by rascals dull and mean,*
> *Esteem'd and honour'd by the Dean.*

Mr. Dunkin was one of the witnesses to the Dean's will.

myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I would not tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to the church; which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs' elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you to see King Cormack's chapel, his bed-chamber, &c., all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing of it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to

Your most affectionate and

faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

TO MR. THOMAS BEACH,*

MERCHANT IN WREXHAM, DENBIGHSHIRE.

To be left at the Customhouse Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel, Esq., Collector of the Customs in Chester.

Dublin, April 12, 1735.

SIR,

AFTER the fate of all poets, you are no favourite of fortune; for your letter of March 31st did not come to my hands till two days after Sir William Fownes's death; who, having been so long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered, I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour. I have seen fewer good panegyrics than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waiving that Sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regu-

* Mr. Thomas Beach, author of a poem, entitled "Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life," to which this letter alludes. It is dedicated to Mr. Pope. The unfortunate author committed suicide a few weeks after publication of his poem, in 1737.

lating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and shewed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections. Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation,* is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to

* "It is not easy," says Mr. Malone, "to ascertain the exact degree of relationship between Dryden and Swift. He is said by his kinsman, Deane Swift, and by Hawkesworth after him, to have been our author's *second* cousin, the grandson of Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden; but this could not be the case, for that lady was married to Sir Richard Phillips, Bart. The wife, therefore, of Thomas Swift, being acknowledged to have been Elizabeth Dryden, must be sought for in some other branch of the Dryden family. From Mercurius Rusticus, p. 75, it appears, that in October, 1642, she had, beside ten children, who supplicated her plunderers for bread, an *infant* in the cradle, and afterwards she had three more children; so that she probably was younger than any of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden, all of whom, I believe, were born before the year 1600. On her husband's living being sequestered, the profits of it were consigned to *Jonathan Dryden*, minister, who was probably her brother; and they were the children of a brother of Sir Erasmus Driden; he had five brothers. If I am right in this conjecture, the Dean of St. Patrick's *father* and our author were only second cousins. Swift's grandfather, Thomas, had ten sons, of which the fifth, Jonathan (the Dean's father) was probably named from Jonathan Dryden above mentioned, who was, I believe, his uncle. Another of the sons (who, as well as Jonathan, was an attorney) was called *Driden* Swift, in honour of his mother; a circumstance which confirms the tradition concerning the relationship between these two celebrated men. Swift, in one of his letters, calls Dryden his *near* relation; but in the last age a greater account was made of consanguinity than at present. A second or third cousin was then considered as a near relation." See Malone's Life of Dryden. —N.

finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very incorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject.* I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want;* I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c. &c., they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James;*" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak bigotted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. L. 109, *And midst*, harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116, I cannot suffer an ill ryhme, such as *seen* and *scene;* (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings :) and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118, *Does*. This word should be avoided, as a mere expletive. L. 155, *Does*. The same fault. L. 161, *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 121, *Cheerful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204,

* These lines, to which Swift imputes greater influence than they possessed, concluded the City Shower:

Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead rats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.—Vol. XIV. p. 91.

Does. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades.* L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *famed.* This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289, *That* dares. The word *that,* as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who.* L. 294, *Reascend.* I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend?* I slipped 290. *Than;* I suppose you only meant *then.* You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person.* A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily. All your desire in relation to Sir William Fownes is at an end by his death: otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would he be able to sell two dozen, unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but, as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things were printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satis-

* All these corrections Mr. Beach carefully adopted, and discarded his triplets agreeably to the Dean's recommendation.

fied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there: And I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine, belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening; however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR SIR, Queen-Square, April 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish Society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give

of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner, (none at night,) and have a good stomach with a bad digestion; but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well, so is the Lord of Dawley.*

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good Queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor Lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the doctor† I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Mr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

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* Bolingbroke.—D. S.

† Arbuthnot.—D. S.

You will give me leave, sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit, (and for which all mankind applaud you,) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

—o—

FROM MRS. PRATT.

London, April 22, 1735.

SIR,

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my Lady Saville's acknowledgments, which, before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner for her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My Lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town-house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniences of a lodging

may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

—o—

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, London, April 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in Parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, "for the encouragement of learning," as the title bears: but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from

you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England, (as I hope it will next year,) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis præmia.** Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the Duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord-lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

—o—

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, May 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you

* This was before he attained the title of Earl of Bath.—D. S.

must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue: and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for anything, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest, judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains:* and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The Countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy-clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, Lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years

* This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish.—S.

been plagued with a wife and no wife.* The case has been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the Earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy-clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor; with which my Lord and Lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the Earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my Lady Kerry, &c.

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talalderahla; and when we come next, it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

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* The great-grandfather of the present Marquis of Lansdowne. When the claim upon his hand, here alluded to, was terminated by the death of the female who maintained it, his lordship formed an alliance becoming his rank, by marrying a daughter of the Earl of Cavan.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of everything, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us; by my Lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possessed of eight hundred pounds a year, and twenty thousand pounds in money; which was so settled that my Lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister Miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of; this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for Lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled

her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it; I will rather think you want judgment, (which is very hard for me to do,) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude,

Your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

TO MR. POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford,* who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations, (it is here in perfection already,) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the meantime how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder, for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

(Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties."* I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, Dublin, May 12, 1735.

MR. STOPFORD landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was

* The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant. One of the severest attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the dedication prefixed to this Dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the Craftsman were collected into one volume octavo. After the many things that have been said for and against his long ministry, his want of skill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs was most frequently repeated. In a letter written in 1776, the King of Prussia affirms expressly, that Walpole used to say, "I leave Europe to my brother, and reserve only England to myself."—Dr. WARTON.

not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the Duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my Lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in everything, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But, let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate,

why, he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty and bring over all his forces to the country-side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for

you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well-doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer * applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and

obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

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* Mr George Faulkner.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, May 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last, I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable,

sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians, that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of anything but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers, I suppose, have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged: and no debate in the House of Commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own I think we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of shewing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

FROM LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE.

SIR, May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c., and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found everything in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes everything very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a

desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that probably, when Lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know Lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite; however, I approve of your taste. For, many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in anything in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going toward making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames: for, you being stigmatised with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And, as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by your amorous, satirical, and gallant letters.*

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The Duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which, I believe, is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach.

Adieu, &c.

—o—

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

DEAR SIR, Cashell, May 31, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be for-

* See a letter from Lady Betty Germain, dated July 12, 1736. —N.

gotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and, if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike, and good inns at every ten or twelve miles' end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor: his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens

are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT POWERSCOURT, NEAR BRAY.

SIR, [About 1735.]

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at £400 more

expense. I am sorry it should cost you twopence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, Archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and spunge upon you as poor as you are; for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know anything of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, Sir, with great truth, your obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, June 8, 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the House of Lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll;* but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by the vanity or indiscretions of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him.† Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could

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* Curll was summoned before the House of Lords for breach of privilege, by publishing the letters of peers, in his pirated correspondence. But he used to boast that he had more friends in the House than Pope, or, as he has elegantly expressed it in poetry,

> He undeceived the nobles all,
> More could he wish or hope?
> When Pope had thus contrived his fall,
> He triumph'd over Pope.

† The Dean appears not to have suspected what has been since made tolerably plain, that Pope himself had contrived to put a part of his correspondence into Curll's hands, in order that the surreptitious edition, which he foresaw would be the consequence of his doing so, might make an accurate publication a matter of apparent necessity.

find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please; for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead; for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity;" which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted.* Of those from my Lord Halifax, I burnt all but one; which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which, however, I do not in the least understand; where you say, you "have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply

* This was probably Lord Somers.

with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the Duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant; and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer; which omission, (for I disdain to call it contempt,) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am, is not worth his remembrance; or, like the Duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me;* and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom; and for that reason, it is thought, his grace

* See the epigram, beginning,

James Bridges and the Dean had long been friends,
James is be-duked, and so their friendship ends;
And sure the Dean deserve a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the duke, &c.

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has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine.* I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular; since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a-year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties, yet I have utterly waived intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair; although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain

Your ladyship's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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* See the Dean's letter of the 14th January, 1734–5, on the subject of Dr. Whetcombe's obtaining a dispensation to hold his fellowship in the university along with a church preferment bestowed on him by the Duke of Dorset.

FROM LORD OXFORD.

Dover Street, June 19, 1735.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you; as for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter; it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed; we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service; she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health; I am afraid he cannot last very long; his son has, this spring, put to West-

minster school two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The Duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the duke, and he is come home untainted, but much improved; he is returned to Oxford to follow his studies; he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well; he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means, (wicked ones certainly,) got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper; but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to Lord Orrery.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you: Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut lings and sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes * and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling taylor was tip ling from morning to

* As Dr. Swift was, on all occasions, fond of walking, when he rode he wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion, to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.—D. S.

night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the ale-house; hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling; she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifier at best, while his wife, in her mac ling lace, is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grand-children and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f—— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madame votre

femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters ; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly ; I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling, and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling, with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling ; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca ; you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home. Can I have stabe ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion ; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it ; have no more pis to ling lads : Employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the pie-house, and yawl ling

and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets.*

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

AH MISS CELL A NEE.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, June 23, 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your lings, no less than 160 in ash hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a change ling was I to prove oak yew by grove ling in the dark as I did? I should rather have minded the copling of timber for an old house, which I am two reap air. I am now dale ling with a march aunt for boards, a droll ling logg or he add. His nay miss Φως ter, It hink. Buy these aim to ken his toll a fat ling lamb from our butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studji. Now fora new e si style. Ἐυ νω Ἰνω ευρ μηνιη ας το

stand

Dye a bless In Fern ale bee cause, French.

eye

A very good name for sue chaw help meet.

Mice cool increases and wood faster, butt that eye will not abait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet hear of

* The term *pet*, which is a contraction of the French *petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation. —H.

Master Lucas, from Castle-Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season: as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamic aromatic air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief I hear that my Lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts?

If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you in Virginia; and be pleased to be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but, alas! I must say as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. e ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficolta nell' eseguire lo.*

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come pleament * to Mrs. Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to haul her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

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* *i.e.*, "I beseech you to make my compliment."

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

July 5, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i.e.*, race eats, or ray seats, and as soon as I can hear of Higinbothom, he shall get you the money. The Bishop of Killmore has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last February. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt.—The moment I can raise the devil among the tenants, I will secure your poor money. At present I have not a sous but a guinea and a half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one William Sheridan, cousin to Counsellor Sheridan, has run away three score and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to Drumcor and Blenycup, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to Counsellor Callaghan about him, and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One Smyth, a rich grazier, would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I sent to Mr. Hale for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have Sheridan's articles and Carter's bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may shew them to Counsellor Robert Callaghan; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of

attorney to receive your rents of Marahills, Drumcor, and Blenycup; and to set the two latter at forty-two pounds a-year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses.——To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Ass awe interr in Dubb Line ann damn well play said two fine dimn inn ass teat off Mare he meant: All ass Ice he knot ass mile inn knack wart her. These Quires he rare sow stow eye call, Ann they par Suns sow dam nab lye in sup port able Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat? Know sea see, butt adge, use't is sack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! say dye.*

I have no news from our parts, but that my man Pat (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, By my soul, sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He presents his humble service to your Jo. For God's sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather and everything is good. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

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* "I rejoice exceedingly to find my Lord Orrery stops a winter in Dublin, and am well pleased to find him in a state of merriment. Alas! I see not a smile in a quarter. The squires here are so stoical, and the parsons so damnably insupportable, I cannot bear 'em. 'O rare Rum,' said I to one, 'are you a vicar, or a prebendary, or a curate?' 'No,' says he, 'but a justice o' quorum.' 'Ho-Rum, Ha-Rum, Ho-Rum,' said I."

—o—

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN,*

IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK, you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me; which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother, and some near relations in this country; and have often employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy; although the court has thought it better in point of politics, (and, to keep the good-will of Cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper,) to make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here,

* See former letters between this chivalrous and eccentric character and our author.

who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire; to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "That you only desired my works." It is true, indeed, that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, "That printers here had no property in their copies; that mine would fall into worse hands; that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France. Upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty per cent. already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the south of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire

our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates; because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank, (and now become half a Spaniard,) I would try to make you condescend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with; for when I give them a pale wine, (called by Mr. Hall cassalia,) they say it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD HOWTH.

Kilfane, July 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good Dean of St. Patrick's, for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. Grattan to give Mr. Bindon strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done, to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me

of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The Archbishop of Cashell told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the baboon* is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant† will use her endeavours to make Lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order; she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and Lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this summer I design drinking Ballispellin waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches, and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sykes how long they have been coming? So long, says Sykes. Ay, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back: so mounts his horse and away. Who durst

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* The Bishop of Ossory so called:—

> Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
> You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny.
>
> See Swift's Poem on the Bishops.—H.

† Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my Lord Howth.—D. S.

say the church is in danger, when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

—o—

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, Dublin, July 12, 1735.

I WRITE to you at the command of a gentleman, for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make, appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is Doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of quality, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my Lord Tyrone, formerly Sir Tristram Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry Society. His lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate; and, to assist him in so good a work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me, and several worthy persons, particularly my friend, Doctor Helsham.

Do you sometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here, that the gout has got too strong a possession of her, and pray let me have some account of your own health: I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company; but I can drink my pint of wine twice a-day, which I doubt both of you could not do

in a week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from conveniency; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long: and the public miseries of this kingdom add to my disease. I am,

Dear Sir,

With true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the Duke of Dorset had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands.* So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his grannams did not play false; and while he is lord-lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer,) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far I will answer for his

* See the Dean's letter, in which he complains of the Duke's neglect.

grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The Countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley * for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as to me, to have long had (that is, ever since she has been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court-favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert,† her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum.‡ But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

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* Fourth and youngest son of Charles, Earl of Berkeley. He was many years representative for Dover, and master of the hospital of St. Catherine's near the Tower.

† Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.—H.

‡ At her death, as appears from Horace Walpole's Reminiscences, Lady Suffolk was far from being in easy circumstances.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth "Letters Amorous, Satirical, and Gallant, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambre, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other Persons." I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, July 16, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from Lord Lanesborough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on Monday. I have nothing to say to the £280 you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen, and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge

in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a-drawing home for an addition to my house; the school-house repaired at the charge of the county; a gravel-walk from the market-cross to my house, at the town's expense; item, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another: therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My Lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him: and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:—

To Dr. Helsham, four cuts.
Dr. Delany, four.
Mrs. Helsham, one and a-half.
Mrs. Whiteway, ditto.
Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples.
Mr. Worrall, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapped up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter; she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not; here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to

Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkeys! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such bilberries! and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's, were never yet seen in any one county yet!

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to everybody in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect,

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.*

Limerick, July 18, 1735.

OFF break to forced and interrupted! Alas! alas! Bays quoth, 'faith simile good a. Paris at Victoire de Place the round driving Berlin a of noise the like,

* This letter is to be read backward.

brains my round roll that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I so and: sex or person of distinction either without, about promiscuously ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer small with myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied be to learn will I but: again sun the see never shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this, O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, English writing of sample new a you offer here I, Latin writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and achievements of search in far thus come am and, Mancha La from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good,

great so ever be

you from hear to desire

My Let.

—o—

FROM MR. MOTTE.

London, July 31, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth; and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's business, yet

I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde* to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement, and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterward with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses†

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookseller in Dublin.—F.

† See Swift's "Poem to a Lady, who desired the author to write some verses upon her in the heroic style," Vol. XIV. p. 267. It is not easy to say what could have induced Walpole, who was sufficiently indifferent to such attacks in general, to feel particu-

for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G., and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too: naming Mr. Pilkington first, and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary; only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expenses. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as

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larly sore in this instance. But that he did so is evident both from the proceedings against the printers, and against Mrs. Barber, all of whom were examined before the privy council.

it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember anything that could affect me or anybody else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hands, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed, or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him, (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery,) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same

right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes: and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy money he received:* but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it."†

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in the House of Lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; beside that they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunatics and idiots. I am glad to find by the newspapers, that

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* Mr. Pope sold the Miscellanies for a considerable sum; and offered part of it to Dr. Swift, which he refused.—H.

† The Art of Sinking was written by Mr. Pope.—H.

so noble a design proceeds; for beside the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to everybody, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example: namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of public hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views, (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour,) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so, if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the public, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

August 13, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday se'nnight, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter-walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end—*Regis opus;* you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening, than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a cheerful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then, turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear

me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know anything of a gray mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul?—Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven.—Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours' history of his villainies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth anything. My love and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

MY LORD, Dublin, August 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashell, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-

house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD HOWTH.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashell, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For

although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps, there will be the works of the right hon., &c., and of my lady and the giant,* neatly bound, next winter. My Lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my Lady Howth† a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR, September 3, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he has the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were

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* Miss Rice, his lordship's niece.

† Lucy, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Richard Gorges, was married to Lord Howth, August 2, 1728: and after that nobleman's death, became the lady of Nicholas Welden of Gravelment, Esq.—D. S.

not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from ——: and yet when the weather is fair, I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally dine at home, and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a-year. That I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you: but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my share every day, to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile since we came acquainted! I did not know, till six months after, that my best friend, my Lady Masham, was gone.* I would be glad to know whether her son be good for anything, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts

* Once the favourite of Queen Anne, and the moving spring of her last administration, but for many years a *persona muta* in the great political drama. Her death must have been the source of much melancholy reflection to the Dean, who had enjoyed her intimacy during the meridian of her influence.

are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best public charity. But in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give threepence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousands now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch.

Farewell, dear Sir; and believe me to be, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done! You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the com-

merce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest, as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height; I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend: *orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq.; they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in this company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble my-

self about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom, whom I liked so much, as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: no body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation, of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! There is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! he ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me,

(that which accompanied him in all his travels,) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription: "*Victor Amadeus, rex Siciliæ, dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c., Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735."

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects* which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you: and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

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* Idiots.—N.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

September 4, 1735.

If you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing anything I should; and am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there: for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his Grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since Lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother George: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good one.

We are now full of expectation of his royal high-

ness's wedding.* She has jewels bought for her, and clothes bespoke: and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I do not at all know when the lady will come over.

Your friend Mrs. Floyd is grown fat and well, under the Duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days (and I verily believe as far as she can decently help) to her father's. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's.† He should have made those bitter silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that everybody must suffer under that, and the lies of the newspapers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

September 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's

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* Frederick, then Prince of Wales.—D. S.

† See Curll's pirated edition of Pope's Letters.

a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
> When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next.

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
> When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
> When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no farther than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strowe-fee.

> The last is the period, two thousand and one,
> When m—— and b—— to hell are all gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork. Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays.—O, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, Cirencester, Sept. 13, 1733.

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you except in Parliament-time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me, either by yourself or agents, immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler, a shooting parson, be true or not? * secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off? In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go anywhere without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland; such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he would not venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he would soon find out, that Doctor Swuft (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem

* After a strict search through the journals of the day, no traces of the report here alluded to can be discovered.

there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there; and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that Don Swifto is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles: but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately in London, by name Madam de Montmorency, (for she was married to a French gentleman of that great family,) that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli Khan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotchman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many

years ago an English renegado slave translated Effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the effendi, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement: so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipped through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now, to avoid farther trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, Sept. 17, 1735.

Εἲ καν not butt reap rhyme and εὐ for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge ἑῦ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυστῆρ Δὴν, what ἶς ἓυρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas ἓυδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no? Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood, as I do? εἶ νὼ ευ αρ ἅ πόνηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?* The woman is grown good for nothing. However, I would not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you ἆ δονς Inn the chops.†

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks, and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can pass in Dublin? that I may pay you some money which I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a

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* "I cannot but reprimand you for writing so long an epistle about business, when to my knowledge you could as easily write upon nothing. Mr. Dean, what is your meaning to play on us in every epistle as you do in Anglo-Latino? Cannot you write in a plain method, as I do! I know you are a punner on all occasions. But cannot you get another subject to satirise beside my wife?"

† "I know you say it is every day of her life, but I say it is not true, for it is only every hour of it. She swears if you come to Cavan, she will give you a dowse in the chops."

famished weasel. I long much to see it have an alderman's belly: but Quando, Mr. Dean, quando? We cannot say that our weather is the devil here; for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like Noah, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux.* My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to Dublin, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. Whiteway to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she Ann she,† for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week: and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt, tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into Dean Crosse's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire générale des Pais-bas*, I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us! How the world is altered since!

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* "Et pone linquetur conjux."

† "Make up for that deficiency."

But you must know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main. Now for the great scholars I promised. Among those, who became bishops of Antwerp, you will find Philip Nigri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joseph Franken-Sierstorff. Among those of Bois-le-Duc, Clement Crabeels, Gisbert Masins, Michel Ophove, Joseph de Bergaigne. In the same town you will find among the Vicaires Apostoliques, Henry Van Leempute, Josse Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Govaerts, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with those names, and silence even Robin Leslie.* But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico.*

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, viz., Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebastian Schefferus, Guernerus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorfi, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Christoph. Vaganseilius, Jacobus Kerscherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask Grattan how many of these he has read.

You say, (I thank you for that,) That you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better

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* Mr. Leslie was the most incessant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.—D. S.

for me, because I know everybody knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the meantime I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.*
Send me word what o'clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

—o—

FROM DR. KING.

London, Sept. 20, 1735.

SIR,

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him; but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman concerning whom you inquire, is a

* "My service to all my friends."

member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall; and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my law-suit will force me into Ireland again the next term; as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker.* However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention.† It is now in such forwardness that

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* Cardinal Polignac, observing that Dr. King drank only water, told him, "that whilst ambassador at Rome, and since he returned to France, he had entertained five hundred Englishmen, but the doctor was the only water-drinker in the whole number."

† Dr. King's meaning in this place requires some elucidation. Provoked at some ill usage which he supposed himself to have received during a law-suit in Ireland, he had commenced a satirical poem called the Toast, bearing the name of Scheffer the Laplander, as author, of Peregrine O'Donald, Esq., as translator. Of this satire, he himself informs us, "I began the Toast in anger, but I finished it in good humour. When I had concluded the second book, I laid aside the work, and I did not take it up again till some years afterwards, at the pressing instances of Dr. Swift. In the last letter which I received from him, (to which that in the text seems to be an answer,) he writes thus: '*In malice I hope your law-suit will force you to come over* [to Dublin] *the next term, which I think is a long one, and will allow you time to finish it; in the meantime I wish I* could hear of the progress and finishing of another affair [the Toast] relating to the same law-suit, but tried in the courts above, upon a hill with two heads, where the defendants will as infallibly and more effec-

as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest doctor* has good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots?* and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

W. K.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord-mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The duke† was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came

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tually be cast," &c. And speaking of this work to a lady, his near relation, who is now living, [Mrs. Whiteway probably,] after he had perused the greater part of it in manuscript, he told her that "*if he had read the Toast when he was only twenty years old, he would never have written a satire.*"—*Dr. King's Anecdotes*, p. 97. In consequence of this exaggerated commendation, the Toast was printed, and some copies given to friends, but it was never published.

* Sheridan.—D. S.

† The Duke of Dorset, lord-lieutenant.—H.

away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club * meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration; in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes, and great ministers, distributing out praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: † Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, a gam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud

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* The Irish parliament, which Swift, in allusion to the name of a fiend in Scripture, used to call the Legion Club. He left an unfinished satire with that title.

† This is a list of epithets, as a strapper, a strammel, &c. &c. &c.

lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, annus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language,) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity Lar, to shew that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography, (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I.) "Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here."* I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a fine histori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o falli que nat ure; na mel I, ac at, arat, amesti fanda lædi; I mæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?"†

I believe some evil spirit has got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the Duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and

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* "May I quote some of it? Astracan is a mighty city, and yet Alicant is as big as it. Barbadoes is more populous. Antigua is a desert, I hear."

† "Amadis de Gaul is a fine history, and yet Belianis is a better. Some assure us Valentine and Orson is the most elegant of them all to be sure. I can name four domestic animals of a like nature; namely, a cat, a rat, a mastiff, and a lady. I may add a mouse too. A lady, indeed, I might except as a beast I ever met a-rambling out. Pray, is my comparison odious, or no?"

yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire that I would prevail on the Archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let Bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the duke that Donnellan should be Dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is Bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. MOTTE.

London, Oct. 4, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,

MRS. LAUNCELOT, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, shewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Launcelot; and as to Mrs. Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary.

The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of November, and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde, that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, October 5, 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit: (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with

a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton chop now and then: and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection.) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis, (the next shall be shorter,) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. Andi me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph eye, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Are I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw, (quoth the Scotchman,) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is: together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c.* In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of Lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisb on* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his namesake *Peter's burgh*, in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many:* in France he declared

* All the terms of geography are here burlesqued, as Arctic, Antarctic, meridian, equator, horizon, ecliptic, the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces, colures, zones, and climates.

the King of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is:* in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in.* Pray, *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries, and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, That we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The devil take all the D's in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for everything is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to spunge upon me for anything but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO DEANE SWIFT, Esq.

ST. MARY-HALL, OXON.

This letter is obviously written in the Dean's hand, though disguised, and is, as the reader will easily perceive, a humorous allegory on the state of mankind, written for the amusement of his young relative. The paper is so much wasted that one or two conjectural insertions have become necessary to complete the sense.

Dublin, Oct. 1735.

Sir,

You have been pleased to honour me with your friendship in so generous a manner, so I think myself [bound] to throw off all manner of disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances, which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surprised at the beginning of my story, and be inclined to think the whole a banter: But you may depend on its being actually true, and if need was, I could bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

You must know then, I live in a poor little house of clay, that stands on a waste, as other cottages do: and which is worst of all, I am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning: It's of a copy-hold tenure, and the custom of the manor is this.—For the first 30 years of my life I am to pay nothing, only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, that are kept once a-week or oftener. Four years after that I am to pay a rose every year: and farther than this,

during the remainder of my life I am to pay a tooth, which you will say is a whimsical acknowledgment, every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded; and when I have nothing else to pay [Out with me is] the word; and I won't be long before my person will be seized. I might have had my [lease on] much better terms, if it had not been the fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife, with the advice of a bad neighbour, robbed an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited their grand privileges. To my sorrow I am sure: but, however, I must do as well as I can.

I shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair. My kitchen, wherein I dress my victuals, is a comical sort of a little room, somewhat the figure of an oven: It answers very well the business it was designed for, and that's enough. My garrets, or rather cock-lofts, are indeed but indifferently furnished, but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless it be to lay lumber in. However, I make shift to rub in in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can. I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-lifed creeping family, remarkable only for nothing but being instrumental in augmenting the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane.* But be that as it will, I have one snug apartment, which I reserve for my choicest friends, which is in the left side, in the very house where you will be always a welcome

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* The celebrated worm-doctor.

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who set'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy skill, thy powders vain,
Since worms shall eat even thee.

guest; and you may depend on being as long as the is in the occupation of the famous worm-powder doctor.

Your humble servant,

J. S.

—o—

FROM DR. SICAN.*

HONOURED SIR, Paris, Oct. 20, 1735.

MR. ARBUTHNOT'S absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another excep-

* This promising young gentleman was murdered in Italy while upon his travels. He was author of the elegant verses sent to the Dean on his birth-day, with a copy of Pine's Horace. See Vol. XIV. p. 337. Mrs. Sican, his mother, a very ir genious lady, was the subject of the little poem by Swift, entitled Psyche. Ib. p. 340.

tion to that rule in the Chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of everything curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c., as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houyhnhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the Duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league farther to Versailles, to supply the water works. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace

near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another, vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hospital des Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie: but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. Sican.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I write nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world: but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you: otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day, yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——?* methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.—"You need not

* Perhaps Hervey.—BOWLES.

apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am, ever dearest Sir, your, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE REV. MR. DONNELLAN.

Cloyne, Oct. 31.

SIR,

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister,) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your shewing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the Bishop of Cloyne's favour; and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least £300 *per annum;* and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The Bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services: and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most obliged and

obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

—o—

TO MR. MOTTE.

Nov. 1, 1735.

SIR,

MR. FAULKNER in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was, that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your most humble and affectionate servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Paradise, Nov. 8, 1735.

SIR,

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critcal moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still

beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company; if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a-year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty! My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's Lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself in some

respects much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often: she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often, and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing anything that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and

humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.*

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas (" ") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

MADAM, Nov. 8, 1735.

NOVEMBER 3, to Dunshallan, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier: the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier: the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—" Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed."—In short, but not literally in short, I got

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* A first cousin of the Dean's, who came from her own house, at the other end of Dublin, three days in each week, to read and chat with him, after Stella's death, being the principal female that frequented his table for many years, while his memory remained. —D. S.

hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham, this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—"Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in potentia. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison* will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean."—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what

* Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son.—D. S.

the doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman * frank it as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be General —— or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, over puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.—"The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the Dean is my witness."

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, Nov 8, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, Pox on all Irish

* A member of parliament.

writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, sir, I beg you will be pleased* to suppose, that I began my letter by entreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now, to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas' reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard anything of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following.† I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will

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* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.—D. S.

† This matter made a very great noise. Colonel Waller was said to have persecuted this unfortunate clergyman, on account of his refusal to surrender some of the rights of his living, with such a complication of harassing assaults, arrests, and law-suits, that Mr. Throp's health actually sunk under them, and he died broken-hearted. A more full account of the matter is given in the notes upon the Legion Club. It appears from the Dean's answer to Mrs. Whiteway, that he was himself the author of the paragraph containing Mr. Throp's case.

be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but, however, I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May-be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly* never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise,) you shall hear once a-week from, Sir,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the deanery; everything is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

—o—

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY.

HON. SIR, Castletown, Nov. 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen.† I see

* Miss Harrison.—D. S.
† The poem is lost.—D. S.

the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself: yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion: and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, honoured Sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey in the county of Wexford.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, November 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend

hers, it makes yours grow worse: and the answer to mine had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine! Now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an Earl of Peterborow; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life. I am wholly ignorant who is or will be Bishop of Cork; for his grace is such a silly conceited man that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whetcombe,* because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a step to his preferment before; and therefore, if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these

* John Whetcombe, D.D. He was tutor to the Duke of Dorset's family, and Swift had already interfered to prevent his holding his fellowship of Trinity College along with his church preferment. He was made Bishop of Clonfert within a few weeks after the date of this letter.

matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter-cough. God bless you, and adieu.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, November 15, 1735.

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* * * * * * * * *

I writ the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire

where Shele my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: for these a carrier will be ready next week, to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteenpence to bear her charges; of which I will pay threepence, and the doctor intends to add another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Doctor Shift. We abound in wild-fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c., for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier Tisdal. As to Waller's advertisement, if I were in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here.* My service to Miss

* This, considering the Dean's usual mode of expressing himself, seems distinctly to intimate that he was himself the author

Harrison and the doctor,* and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

"Beg a duck? beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The Dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs, and the poor cleanly maids know very well. You know that he talks ironically."

—o—

FROM MRS. SICAN.

REV. SIR, Nov. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the enclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would pre-

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of the case of Mr. Throp. Being described, however, as a paragraph, it was evidently something different from the pamphlet in 8vo, published in 1739, under the title of "Lay Tyranny, or the Clergy oppressed by Patrons and Impostors, instanced in the memorable case of the Rev. Mr. Roger Throp, M.A.," &c.

* Young Mr. Harrison.—D. S.

vent your going out of town. I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has justice done him in College Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two-thirds of the house were for him; he is now going to petition the house to oblige Colonel Waller to waive his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birthday at the Castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silks are broke: the weavers having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend Lord Clancarty drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

E. Sican.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, Nov. 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's Canaan. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a-day with Venice turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a-day in warm milk; if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done; I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. —You are very rude, Dr. Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean; no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day.—Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. Sican; but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up; I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanery two days ago; everything is right there; the floor

you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a-week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. —The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you Colonel Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the colonel, that he was not ordered into custody; but to the surprise of everybody, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath.* I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys! I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble

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* In the Legion Club, Waller is introduced in the following bitter lines:—

> Keeper, yon hell-featured brawler,
> Is it Satan?—No; 'tis Waller.
> In what figure shall a bard dress
> Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
> Honest keeper, drive him further,
> In his looks are hell and murther;
> See his scowling visage drop,
> Just as when he murder'd Throp.

respects; so I have done with you this time for good and all.—Mr. Dean, I am sure Rochefoucault's maxim never fails; I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies; in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubbdubdrib, you will find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance.* My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's that was sent to the deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

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* Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.—D. S. The young gentleman died in the February following.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, Nov. 18, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never anything of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from the town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were six-

teen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild-fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanery conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many a thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine merchant; a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter.

I am ever yours; and my love to the girl and boys.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 22, 1735.

SIR,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors; you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear sir, not to trust any longer to country helps; your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead; I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. Kenrick and Laud were by all the time; they and Mr. Shele were here with me that night; they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shele desires the

wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half-dozens as it is used; the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done; he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore.—Pray, Doctor Sheridan, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

My son is greatly obliged to you, sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month; the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this November 22, 1732. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. Morgan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 22, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the doctor's* additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue until I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, field-fare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous.*

Cavan, Nov. 22, 1735.

I SHALL never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred

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* Mr. Harrison's.—D. S.

pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto, cut like this letter; for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expenses. He pays me but two crowns a-week for his ordinary; and I own that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the Dean aforesaid."

I desire you will hint to the doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a-week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was

almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families, and though I have inquired of them all if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would every man of them be turned out, if a letter of mine to you should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why, if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in everything I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they do not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know, then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter, (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. Pope,) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service

to me. Beside this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme, (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid,) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever a man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four-and-twenty bishops and sixteen Scotch lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beside the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle,

and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended? Beside all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments; I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow-labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station; no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years' struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill;* he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation;

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* John Merrill, Esq., member of parliament in 1712 for Tregony, and afterward for St. Alban's. He died in December, 1734.—N.

and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die.* I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay, (who needed them not,) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought, that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life; but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negotiation; the articles which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will

* Lord Bolingbroke's father, Lord St. John.—N.

furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells, the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed: the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain; but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor, I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of this letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am,

Your most obedient humble servant.

—o—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, November 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known for some years the pleasure of a post-day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more; if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kenrick, or Mr. Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write to me the heads of the two hundred pages in

manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now entreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanery. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants.

I am, Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obliged and

most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one

pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the house back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room, (which is his study,) there finishes his meal, and has a share of a pint of wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son,* an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to

* The Doctor calls young Dr. Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy, in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.—D. S.

her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses discard us at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal Row to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. Lightburne, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach Godwin for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and Lightburne another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me that what you desire is to be had here every market-day: and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b—h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the Dean had her lugged this evening by the cookmaid; for which he paid her a threepence,* and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough, he gave her a lugging, to shew her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is"—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that

* A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out.—D. S.

the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish Christian name,* and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude. I am ever, &c.—"Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December;) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and"

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

Dublin, November 29, 1735.

SIR,

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed

* Marcus Anthony Morgan, member for the borough of Athy. He is mentioned in the Dean's satire, entitled the Legion Club.

Bless us, Morgan, art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes, art thou the chairman?

letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shele and Mr. Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree, as cheap as we can, to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest proportion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the Bishop of Ossory, of an inflammation on the lungs; he

caught cold on Sunday at the Castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishoprics for Doctor Marlay.

I am told by some people that Lord Orrery intends to make you and Doctor Sheridan a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Doctor Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen. I am, Sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
M. WHITEWAY.

—o—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, Dublin, Dec. 2, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the deanery; but I place no more to your account than from High Street. I found everything in great order; your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered: the dogs in high spirits, the women in good humour, and Mr. Kenrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birth-day was celebrated by Mr. Laud with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kenrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch.* Their houses were illu-

* He was the Dean's verger.

minated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon ; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him ; however, he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprised you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact ; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the Lady's Dressing-room, and Strephon and Chloe, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat ; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed ; how pure and sweet it would eat ! I have just left part of one in the parlour ; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again : I think I will go down and take the other slice.* I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you shew it at Cavan : I suppose your excuse will be at the expense of the poor carman ; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says, "You gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to spunge on him." I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

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* Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before : on the contrary, Mrs. Whiteway liked hers so fresh that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, "That she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow."—D. S.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in everything; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and fourpence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your Latina Anglia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Esq. —— or Mr. —— for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir,

Your most humble and

most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Dec. 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of Nov. the 29th. The doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs: but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a-day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting Mr. Brooke, young Mr. Price, Parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, Squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Doctor O'Neil, Doctor Fludd, Parson Charlton of Evacthonyeul, besides the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expense: but we will wait until a farther opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to shew the doctor that part of your letter, which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub Drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding,

and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains and covering chairs; but, since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the Grand Monde, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and fourpence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert

civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous*, I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer * and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire-side.

—o—

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

My Lord, Dec. 30, 1735.

Your grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert kingfisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more on his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin-german of the Grattans, who is Vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He

* Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.—D. S.

has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishoprics, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club,† to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting anything for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse: which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he had lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from

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* The shattered remains.—H.

† The Parliament of Ireland.—H.

hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa*, &c., *veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi*, (*nam multo plures sumus*) *ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, January 3, 1735–6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed;

since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere vocas.* I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, Bath, Jan. 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect: for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write all in haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; this is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have used you to

a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all; and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you are as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well.

Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

January 8, 1735–6.

MR. FAULKNER,

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I returned, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time

enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the first volume, published by Lintot: for that, joined to the rest by Gillever,* will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, Jan. 17, 1735–6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * * * * * * * * *

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them,

* Lawton Gillever, a bookseller.—H.

quon-dam them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The Duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence.* I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my Lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord-lieutenant. * * * * * * * * * * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

February 7, 1735–6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me, with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have

* This was a play of Terence, acted by the doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the duke.—D. S.

heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's, more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher, and a Christian; particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual-rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is, more or less, too constant: I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am

as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden* is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour,† who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 10, 1735–6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the

* The celebrated surgeon and anatomist.—BOWLES.
† Mr. Pulteney.

custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it to do me good for the headache.

I do not know what offences the Duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The Countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 18, 1735–6.

My Dear Madam,

I pity you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him.* I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you; only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

Jon. Swift.

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* Theophilus Harrison, Esq., a young gentleman of three-and-twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.—D. S.

FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE.*

REVEREND SIR, February 23, 1735–6.

I SEND you the whole piece,† such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the ands and thats, &c., you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a-flying.

I am your very faithful and
obedient servant,
J. H.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

—o—

TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, Feb. 23, 1735–6.

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your

* Dr. Josiah Hort, afterward Archbishop of Tuam.—N.

† A satire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer fell under the lash of government, and was imprisoned. The Dean was very indignant at the bishop's backwardness in not standing forth to save Faulkner. See his letter of 12th May, 1736.

mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and everything that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother.

I am ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, February 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially as it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. —— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above —— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me; if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn, (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread,) upon a subject they will not much like:

which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect.

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off to Drumcor last year.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, February 25, 1735–6.

IN the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us, because he never intended anything like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things

shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam,

Your most obedient servant and cousin,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, February 29, 1735–6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. CARTER.*

Henrietta Street, March 15, 1735–6.

SIR,

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. Jervas.†

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing anything agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
THOMAS CARTER.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be,

* Mr. Carter was Master of the Rolls in Ireland.—D. S.

† A fine print of the Dean, engraved by Fourdrinier, from an original picture painted by Jervas, which was afterwards purchased by the Earl of Chesterfield, and placed in his elegant library at May Fair, in the collection of English authors.—D. S.

that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz., 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science: 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable, Arts: 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities: 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a Satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But, alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding, indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at

your quere who Cheselden was? it shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord Bolingbroke's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead; the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone; yet my house is enlarged and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guest they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good melons and pine apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *agricultura proxima sapientiæ.* For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have more grace and wit than to be a bishop) even give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done everything else,) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, March 27, 1736.

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was :—

Imprimis, I fell asleep, (or I could not dream,) and what was the first thing I saw, but honest Cato in a cockboat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it.

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DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning against a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my last. Whisky, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-five hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root, snake-root, wormwood, &c., hath preserved me from the asthma for three weeks past to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaspings are no quicker than those of a very quick walker. So much for myself.

Now for your jewel of a son. I never met with any boy of his age of such thorough good sense and so great a thirst for improving himself. I thank God, he is as you and I could wish. The Dean will have pleasure to examine him. Adieu.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

April 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent headache, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid

of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants' blunders.
6. Take a cheerful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly; and, my life for yours, we shall see better times in the next century.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

London, April 22, 1736.

SIR,

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathized, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday se'ennight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than

London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from anything I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes. She is very much recovered, and in town with me at present; but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli:* I find it now turned on "Pasquin," a dramatic satire on the times.† It has had almost as long a run as the Beggars' Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding.‡ Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers say, my Lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford.§ I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The Duke of Marlborough and his grand-

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* A celebrated Italian singer.

† This was written by Henry Fielding, Esq.; and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election," and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense." This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late Lord Orford, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737.—H.

‡ Of Frederick, Prince of Wales.—H.

§ His grace married Miss Gower, daughter of the Lord Gower by his first wife, on the 1st of April, 1737.—H.

mother are upon bad terms. The Duke of Bedford, who has also been ill treated by her, has offered the Duke of Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds a-year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The Duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise; and the poor Duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Bur Street, Wapping.*

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here; and how or when I shall be able to come to her, I cannot yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon; you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a

* She was Lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of £40,000.—H.

week. If it were a good honest gout, I would catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy-chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal; those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read; no mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them, when I am no more.

I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination, will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life; it need not be very long, since you have had so great a share; but I have not above one left; and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature, and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know anything of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects

worthy of the author, and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twittenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have no spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day: and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while everybody owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary; a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.*

April 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking anything worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and sponging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expense by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an errant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ; the Dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the Legion Club. *I do not doubt but*

* The paragraphs in *Italics* were written by Mrs. Whiteway.—H.

that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say anything. I wish you could give some account of poor Dr. Sheridan; *I hear the reason he did not come to town this* Easter *is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.*

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conscience you have half starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the Dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have writ a very masterly poem on the Legion Club; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier *went this day to the* Tholsel *as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send hanging does not go round!*

Yours, &c.

—o—

TO BISHOP HORT.

MY LORD, May 12, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordship and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expense of above twenty-five pounds, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it; and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependants; but your friends were the only persons who gave out the

report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, "That he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings apiece; and is a gainer, by each, less than half-a-farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper; which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But as your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me; so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad; and particularly from one person too high to name,* who told me all the particulars: and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity: which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leave us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses,

* The Duke of Dorset, probably.

and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character; for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service; because I am, with great truth,

Your lordship's most, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, May 12, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads? but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I WONDER you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write anything in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I HAVE let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I WISH you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and

would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me; and you know her to be a good-natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I BELIEVE it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you, (I fancy he hears some whispers against you,) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,

I BEG that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars' notes, which will amount to about four-

teen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, yours. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootehill. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c., are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull! hoh! I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect,

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15, 1736.

MRS. WHITEWAY and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban, (for the V consonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy,* who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England £25,000 a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c., to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by £60,000 than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that

* The parliament of Ireland, whose bills for establishing a modus of the tithe upon hemp, excited Swift's indignation, which he vented both in prose and verse.

is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in a disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the Legion Club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, "Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia." Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

* "Sir, I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day; when I waited on him, he received me with great good humour, said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But

* Mrs. Whiteway here begins.—H.

considering the friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. Donaldson* will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan; and even to Belturbet.† Pray God preserve you!

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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* An innkeeper at Cavan.—D. S.

† Mr. Richardson's rectory.—F.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE.

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

SIR,

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining, upon several articles, of the ill treatment he hath met with from you,* and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England, that I could, because whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers, who printed anything supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention to print everything that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it, but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to

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* Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England against Faulkner, for printing Swift's Works, to stop the sale of them there, which made the author write this letter.—F.

order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or anywhere else; and conceal it from the custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary: and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors' books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me those things called mine would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power anywhere, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other

copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulker should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. FORD.

DEAR SIR, London, June 3, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My Lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me: but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his

poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends, Mr. L—— and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against John Ford, without any other addition. To show his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assault, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gatehouse, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there

happened luckily to be some gentlemen : and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up unless I would pay his expenses ; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business ; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach ; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c., and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the House of Commons this session. Toward the end, indeed, they found a little time to shew their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and, among others, Lord Bathurst's two sons. In the House of Lords, next to the Duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurst and Lord Carteret have shown most rancour against ——. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again ; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my

long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most entirely yours, &c.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, June 3, 1736.

MR. LUCAS is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in good health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish'd,
My money diminish'd;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are

in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my Lord Orrery would only mention me to the lord-primate, it would do. I know my lord-chancellor is so well inclined toward me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a-year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the Czarina, Kouli Kan, and the Emperor, will overrun Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says Goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease, are in fine order; you must pay half-a-crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

> You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
> To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
> And all that's expedient,
> From your most obedient.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, June 5, 1736.

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write: however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the Panegyric on the Legion Club? I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine everybody to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore, whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer,) geese, turkey, &c.

My hens are hatching,
My house is thatching,
My geese a-gaggling,
My wife a-draggling,
My corn a-thrashing,
My sheep a-washing,
My turf a-drawing,
My timber sawing,

My gravel walk raking,
My rolling-stone making,
My ale a-brewing,
Myself a-stewing,
My boys a-teaching,
My webs a-bleaching,
My daughters reading,
My garden weeding,
My lime a-burning,
My milk a-churning;
In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kouli Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have everything but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5, 1736.

You must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the ——— of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the legion club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country-seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of £10 odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man. As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs.—*Addenda quædam.*

My wife a-rattling,
My children tattling.
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.

My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
All people teaze me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit.
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore.*
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan: and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to shew my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give,) you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Dr. Josiah Hort, then Bishop of Kilmore.—H.

—o—

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, June 15, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, That I never proposed any one thing to his grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men: two of them are parsons, as you Whigs call them: another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of a hundred pounds a-year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had

a deanery of small value; it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the Deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with five and forty thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient and

obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what is an addition to the grief for the best-natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat: though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two nieces. She that you call the saucy one, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on Lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go in about a fortnight to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the Duke of Dorset. My brother George and Lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to Lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very necessary for her, and truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so

happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times,

Your most sincere and

truly humble servant,

E. G.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, June 23, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices;* but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio,* we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint.* The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt,* of which I am an eye-witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum*

redolebunt et spirabunt. The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *cœlum atque terras miscebunt.*

> Grouse pouts are come in,
> I've some in my bin,
> To butter your chin;
> When done with our din-
> —ner, through thick and thin
> We'll walk out and in,
> And care not a pin
> Who thinks it a sin.
> We make some folks grin,
> By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprised at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, necnon Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui superaret.*

> I wish your reverence were here to hear the trumpets;
> Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provost, Archdeacon Wall, the Bishop of Clogher, and ——, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my Lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am,

dear Sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. Carte.*

—o—

TO MR. NICHOLLS.†

SIR,

THERE is a lady, a cousin of mine, Mrs. Whiteway, who hath been scolding me several weeks for my ingratitude to you, who having sent me two or more vessels of ale of your own brewing, without any claim of merit of mine, had never the civility either to get out of your debt, or to thank you, or invite you to eat with me, and drink some of your own ale. She says, that she invites you to-morrow to dine with her at the deanery, and there take the opportunity of exposing me for my ill treatment of you. This is a misfortune I cannot help, but must endure it patiently; and therefore, if you be not otherwise engaged, I entreat the favour of you, which she commands, and that you will let me know to-morrow morning. I writ this at her house in fear and dread, therefore take pity of me.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Dated at Mrs. Whiteway's house,
June 5, 1736.

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* The historian; see p. 469.—N.

† This letter, and two others, to Mr. Nicholls, surgeon-general of Ireland, are now for the first time published in the Dean's correspondence.

FROM MR. DONNELLAN.

Corke, July 2, 1736.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin;* and, in pursuance of them, have writ to two of my friends among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible; which I assure you I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But, beside the right that you have to command me, I think Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mrs. Sican has represented it, really very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure, he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter; and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the college by his strange behaviour at the board, without occasion. But I hope all this will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your

* A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterward assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him at this time an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to £100. He succeeded in his application; and the Earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland, in the year 1746, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by King Charles I.—D. S.

request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity, and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

My sister and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the deanery-house. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to you in a very particular manner. We are both exceedingly busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, sir, with a description of it, but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and, though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.*

Deanery House, July 5, 1736.

Rev. and Worthy Sirs,

As I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest; and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a-year, and make him a firm promise of the first

* This letter plainly shews the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the Dean, who did him farther services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, Archbishop of Cashell, who ordained him.—F.

church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a-year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry, (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels,*) might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, July 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and

* See the translation of "Carberiæ Rupes," Vol. XIV. p. 174. —N.

therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my Lord Chief Baron Marley, and Mr. Justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it, except you come for it yourself; and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither, to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds, which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay anybody but yourself; so that you must inevitably come, *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty; our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry,
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?
In bed when I lie,
I soak like a pie;
And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a stye.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to music; and pray let me have a bass and second treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:—

Good road,
A clean house,
A hearty welcome,
Good ale,
Good beer,
Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Young lambs,
Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,
Young chickens,
Fat venison,
Small mutton,
Green pease,
Good water,
Good wine,
Young ducks,
Carrots,
Parsnips, Item

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——.

I must trouble your reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

REFERENCES.

1. Artichoke.
2. Carrot.
3. Parsnip.
4. Raspberries.
5. Gooseberries.
6. Currants, red.
7. Currants, black.
8. Purslain.
9. Kidney beans.
10. Common beans.
11. Red cabbage.
12. Common cabbage.
13. Turnip.
14. Cauliflowers.
15. Cos lettuce.
16. Silesia lettuce.
17. Thyme.
18. Sweet marjoram.
19. A Cavan fly, and a thousand things beside.
20. Some of my gravel walk.
21. Nasturtium.
22. Cucumber.
23. Orange.
24. Spinage.
25. Onion.
26. Pea.

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 967894684673405678989732 4

times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.*

—o—

FROM MR. FORD.

London, July 8, 1736.

You cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, everybody else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself; even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of, here: nor need you spunge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or

* "Dum spiritus hos regit artus."

three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My Lord Litchfield, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year: and yet I think Crossthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since King Charles the First's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly; another is, the great number of enclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well enough if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so ill-judged, that I do not wonder more

at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt Lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, &c.

My Lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other; now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.—Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg, and

I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslain passed very well with me, but she swore it was houseleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it, that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds farther in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a piss-a-bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all, were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which, however, did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter, which began with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty; a trifle! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and

that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five per annum. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel; I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the college-green club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse everything.

Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by "minding," that we do by "remembering." "Sirrah," said I to a Scotch footman, "why did not you go that errand?" "Because I did not 'mind' it," quoth Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack* the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. "The d—l cut their yelping weasons." We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next week. This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of: Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you ask him where he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is Philosopher Webster; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in

* Afterwards called the Piddle-guard, and kept within the liberties of St. Patrick's to suppress riots.—F.

spirits to joke. I did not do so by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the duke could not refuse; especially as my Lord Orrery has been most extremely obliging, and for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy; though, at the same time, he assured me he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree, that you never did prevail, on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go, for my own, to the Bath in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, July 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deponed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you, lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * * * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming, viz.—

My wife,*
Two Ladies Lanesborough,
Mrs. Maxwell,
Mrs. Fitzmaurice,
Mrs. Hort,
Mrs. Hamilton,
Mrs. Sanderson,
Mrs. Nuburgh,
Mrs. Cromer,
Mrs. White,
Mrs. Nesbitt,
Her five daughters,
Mrs. Stephens,
Mrs. and Miss Clement,
Mrs. Tighe,
Mrs. Coote,
Miss Pratt,
Mrs. Fitzherbert,
Mrs. Jones,
Beauty Copeland,
Miss Brooke, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c. &c.
All your Cavan mistresses.

News.

Doctor Thompson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.

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* Who, by the by, hated Dr. Swift above all the human race.—D. S.

Colonel Nuburgh's fine arched market house, quite finished, with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison,
For my benison.
Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1736.

I WENT to Belturbet immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. Jones ready for Mr. Henry's draught, and glad of it; and so am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of sale a mortgage——Instead of cancelling, there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in a formal manner, as if you sold to me—Pray ask advice, and *do* not *do* things hand over head, as you were going to *do* (observe my style *) like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in Dublin, except I were to pass through it

* This was exactly Swift's style to Sheridan upon many occasions; and now Sheridan, in his pleasant manner, returns the compliment.—H.

for England,* I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not—If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens †—I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear. As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two Manks pence towards it already.—You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor King is in Dublin! I wish with all my soul he would take a frolic to come thither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in Ireland.

My collection of witty sayings, &c., is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor King promised me his friendship at Oxford. If you would speak a kind word to the public in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *l'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But—that—is—neither—here—nor there—

My son—I can affirm, is thoroughly reformed; and as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with everything he does.

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* Sheridan never crossed the Channel to England in his whole life.—H.

† Swift had always a deep horror for this disorder, which since his time has been so effectually disarmed.

My son—is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. * * * * * *

May all happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM LADY HOWTH.

August 6, 1736.

SIR,

I DO not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or anything rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground: for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but Lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, school-master of

Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately; he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett; as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout: it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jaw-bone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

—o—

FROM THOMAS CARTE, ESQ.*

SIR, August 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application, and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my "History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the affairs of Ireland in his Time," I here send you a copy of

* The well-known historian.

that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws, and constitutions of this nation. Rapin De Thoiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery; he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history, which is preserved in the Cotton library: nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting Bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of Parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper-office, where all the letters of

the English ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward the Fourth to the revolution, (since which the secretaries have generally carried away the papers,) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity: so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expense as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c., in England; but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court, (*e.g.*, of the French; all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied,) they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a-year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expense. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light; and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make everybody open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular

favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's in Red Lion Court, in Fleet Street, London.

—o—

DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, August 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears, and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—namely, to pay some debts, which I cannot.

My poor Lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanery for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world, (you may guess who I mean,) and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice—You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your

power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted. My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib —who dreamed with great pleasure that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come— God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend,) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, Down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will choose another. In the meantime, God bless you and my dearest friend the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

August 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'-ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love, and I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard

long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next; others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure anything I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull; and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B., because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? the thing, if true, should be concealed;* but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a-year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed. For believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore imagine what you will,

* One of Bolingbroke's Letters to Sir Charles Wyndham, seems to explain this circumstance, written in the same year, in which he says, "it is reported among you, that I play the Celadon here," &c.—BOWLES.

you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the king, queen, and prince, crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man: you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done, and can do, neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

—o—

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Sir, Sept. 2, 1736.

I never will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters, to

drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head; the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir John Stanley's garden at North End; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had anything to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat,

she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot; she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P.S.—I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany.* Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

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* Whom Mrs. Pendarves afterwards married.

DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY,

AT HER HOUSE IN ABBEY-STREET, IN DUBLIN, BY LONDON.

Recovered amongst Mr. Swift's papers, and now first printed.

MADAM,

I HOPE you received a letter which I wrote to you from Chester, immediately after I arrived at that place. Instead of going directly to London, as I first proposed, I took the advantage of a fine season, and have since rambled about 400 miles out of my way, as you perceive by the date of this letter. I have pretty well satisfied my curiosity, and shall set out for London in three or four days. Some time in the next month I intend to publish an advertisement for taking subscriptions, unless I receive a counter order from you, or the Dean. If he approves of it, I will prevail on Ramsay, the author of Cyrus, to translate the whole work into French; so that it may be published at the same time in both languages. The Dean need not be at a loss how to send me my manuscript, since my servant will go to Ireland the next term, with some papers relating to my law-suit. He is a sober diligent fellow, and one I can trust. If you will be pleased to write to me as soon as you receive this, your letter will probably meet me in London on my arrival there.

I desire my humble service to the Dean and Miss Harrison, and that you will believe me to be,

Madam,

Your most humble and

most obedient servant,

W. K.

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1736.

—o—

TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Sir,

You attended a monstrous haunch of venison to the deanery; and if you and Mrs. Nicholls do not attend it again to-morrow, it shall be thrown into the streets; therefore all excuses must be laid aside. Mrs. Whiteway and I shall be all your company, and I will give you a pot of ale to relish it.

I am, with true esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Swift.

Deanery-House, Sept. 6, 1736,
Monday morning.

Name your most convenient hour to dine, and do not say, when you please.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, September 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pounds were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six *per cent.*, that I may draw my note accordingly. In deed, if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should, charge only five *per cent.* because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember, if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow, (if he does), by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress * in Abbey Street, with a fine pair of Cavan nut-crackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I

* Mrs. Whiteway.—D. S.

would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship, (which is your best feather,) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement.

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the primate's lady* rid against her; and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the Bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. Faulkner writ to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or Archdeacon Whittingham, or Archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will outlive every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will

Your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

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* Mrs. Boulter, the primate's lady, was very lusty.—D. S.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.*

Dublin, Oct. 23, 1736.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of a letter from you about two months ago; but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health, and lowness of spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it; and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character; which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children: for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late primate, who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers; but upon her majesty's death he was stripped of them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both

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* Of Summerseat, near Colrane.

entered into the South Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich: but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept fifty thousand pounds, which enabled him to make a figure in the city.—This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his Tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot tell whether his office of governor of your society* be for his life, or only annual; I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day, without being sore, and bruised, and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland? I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house; but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have a ways a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well; and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have books in large print, or an honest parson, with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the meantime God knows

* The Londonderry Society, of which Mr. Richardson was agent.

what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I am, Sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I hear your brother the clergyman is still alive: I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

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